

Dave Carson  
**Dagon**

No. 11



**DAGON** only 70p  
For players of CoC.

# Editorial

This issue of DAGON marks the debut to these pages, of the Great Old One, himself - Sandy Petersen, whose new column 'The Acolyte' will appear regularly in future issues. I am extremely proud to have Sandy aboard, and trust that you'll enjoy reading his work too!

Not only that, here to chill the blood of the most fearsome of investigators is the American cultist, Robert M. Price, whose essay 'Some Notes on the Eltdown Shards' appears on page 3. This essay previously crawled into the light of day in issue 23 of the US publication 'CRYPT OF CTHULHU' in a somewhat different form. Following the discovery of some previously un-published letters by Lovecraft, several new pieces of information have been thrown upon the Shards, Robert's corrected and revised essay is published for the first time, here.

Astute readers will notice that Robert J. Curran's Mythos tale - 'The Horror at Witches Hollow', does not conclude this issue, as previously stated last time. This is the fault of your mis-calculating editor who has been forced to run the tale through to the next edition. So lovers of literature are in for a treat next time round, as Robert's tale will be joined by one of the masters of Mythos terror - Brian Lumley whose tale 'The House of the Temple' see's first British publication in issue 12.

The page count rises this issue to 40 pages - due to my mis-calculations outlined above, however this doesn't affect the cover price, as readers with a tight purse will be glad to hear.

I apologise to any of the readers who sent in a 'small ad' which didn't fit in this issue - as you can see I didn't have the space. In fact, I can't guarantee publication of the ads. at any time, so please take note.

Dr. Phibes has been axed, but the R'lyeh Reviews return, this time with a vengeance! Keep that Black Mail rolling in and any questions for Peter at the 'Red Brain's Trust' column will be appreciated.

Oh yes, it looks like 'The Beast of Dagon' is on after all - possibly for a GamesDay publication in the Summer. The zine will be A4 format with the best articles from issues 1-10. To be edited jointly by myself and Australian Cultist, Mark Morrison.

See yer in April and take care.

*Carl Ford*

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### CTHULHOID NEWS from Marc Gascoigne

Crawling Chaos, the WD Cthulhoid column has "been closed down".

Next CoC products will be decided in a few months, but they should finally include Shades of Terror (by M.L. Rowland) and Statue of the Sorcerer, and will definitely include a new Monthly Module called The Vanishing Conjurer, written by Mike Lewis (ex DL co-editor with myself and Marshie) and Simon Price. You'll like VC; it's set in the inner enclave of the Magic Circle, and tells of a Chinese magician who....

# *Some Notes on the Eltdown Shards*

by Robert M. Price

H. P. Lovecraft's invented Necronomicon proved to be so stimulating that several of his correspondents and fans could not resist concocting their own. Thus Howard's Unausprechlichen Kulten and Bloch's De Vermis Mysteriis, to name just two of a larger number were born. Lovecraft welcomed this and would henceforth make bibliographical notes to the new books. Quite often, he made better use of the new texts than their creators did. Two examples of this would be Willis Conover's Ghorl Nigral, about which HPL wrote an effective little vignette or story fragment (see Selected Letters V, p 299, or Conover's Lovecraft at Last, p 65) and Richard F. Searight's Eltdown Shards, which Lovecraft used as a fictional prop three times around 1935. There is an intriguing handful of notices about the Shards, of sufficient interest to deserve exploring, yet small enough to make the job manageable.

The Eltdown Shards were named in imitation of "The Piltdown Man," the newly-discovered remains of a species of prehistoric man, which eventually turned out to be a hoax. The Eltdown Shards were a set of clay fragments, presumably pieces of clay tablets like those discovered in Asshurbanipal's Library. As to general conception, they were obviously parallel to Lovecraft's own "mouldy Phakotic Manuscripts," a parallel made explicit by Lovecraft himself (see below). The first reference to the Shards is an actual quoted passage, written by Searight to preface his tale "The Sealed Casket", for Weird Tales, March 1935. It is simply called "Fragment from the Eltdown Shards":  
".... And it is recorded that in the Elder Times, On Oris, mightiest of the wizards, laid crafty snare for the demon Avaloth, and pitted dark magic against him; for Avaloth plagued the earth with a strange growth of ice and snow that crept as if alive, ever southward, and swallowed up the forests and the mountains. And the outcome of the contest with this demon is not known; but wizards of that day maintained that Avaloth, who was not easily discernable, could not be destroyed save by a great heat, the means whereof was not then known, although certain of the wizards foresaw that one day it should be. Yet, at this time the ice fields began to shrink and dwindle and finally vanished; and the earth bloomed forth afresh."

Lovecraft compliments Searight's effort, elaborating on the Shards in the process: "I liked the fragment from the Eltdown Shards, too. These cryptic and terrible records of man's earliest struggles with the survivors of the pre-human world - related as they are to the abhorred paragraphs of the Book of Eibon & the later (& purely human) sections of the half-deciphered Phakotic Manuscripts - have always fascinated me...." Lovecraft to Searight, January 15th, 1934).

Lovecraft soon used the Eltdown Shards in one of his own stories, "The Shadow out of Time", which was written in the period from November 1934 through March 1935. The sole reference in "Shadow" is the mention of "that obscure, transgalactic world known in the Eltdown Shards as Yith". This is given in the story as the primeval home of the Great Race, though it is not stated that they themselves are mentioned in the Shards. But this is probably to be inferred, especially since "The Challenge from Beyond" (written in August 1935) summarizes a considerable stretch of the text having to do with the Great Race, as well as with the worm-like race of space explorers encountered in that story. Basically the tale told in the Eltdown Shards concerns the hostile encounter between the two races of astral projectors, occasioned by the space-probes of the centipede race.

These references to the Eltdown Shards in "The Shadow out of Time" and "The Challenge from Beyond", both connected with the Great Race of Yith, would seem to be the basis for Lin Carter's attribution of the Shards to the Great Race ("H.P. Lovecraft: The Books"). But this ascription may be questioned. First, note that the manner in which the name "Yith" is referred to in "Shadow" implies that we are dealing with a cross-reference to a collateral text, like the "old hindu texts" mentioned in the same story. The idea is that several ancient myths and texts refer to the era of the Great Race, without necessarily having been written by them. And "The Challenge from Beyond" refers to the escape of the minds of Yith into earth's far future as fait accompli, and one long past at that. Ever since then, "the whereabouts of the sinister cube from space (discussed in the Shards) were unknown". So the Eltdown Shards would seem to post-date the Great Race by a good many years. And from "The Shadow out of Time", we know not only that the archives of the Great Race were bound in codices of metallic sheaths, but

also that those records survived intact to the present day. By contrast the Shards are, as we have seen, incomplete clay fragments. With the Great Race out of the running, we have no idea who did write the Shards.

In "The Challenge from Beyond", Lovecraft provides the most extensive data about the Shards and how they came to be current in the present day. We learn that "those debatable and disquieting clay fragments called the Eltdown Shards (were) dug up from pre-carboniferous strata in southern England thirty years before (= around the turn of the century). Their shape and markings were so queer that a few scholars hinted at artificiality (= not products of nature, but of ancient workmanship), and made wild conjectures about them and their origin. They came clearly from a time when no human beings could exist on the globe..." Already, we have a departure from Searight's conception. The "Fragment from the Eltdown Shards" and Lovecraft's comments on it imply the Shards are a record which, though ancient, is much more recent than the "pre-carboniferous" date given in "The Challenge from Beyond". In the former, a human civilization is described, whereas in "Challenge", they are written "when no human beings could exist on the globe".

About 1917 a deeply learned Sussex clergyman of occultist learnings - the Reverend Arthur Brooke Winters Hall - had professed to identify the markings on the Eltdown Shards with some of the so-called 'pre-human hieroglyphs' persistently cherished and esoterically handed down in certain mystical circles, and had published at his own expense what purported to be a 'translation' of the primal and baffling 'inscriptions'". The resulting text consisted of a "narrative, supposedly of pre-human authorship..." ("The Challenge from Beyond").

The "pre-human hieroglyphs" are probably to be identified with the Pnakotic Manuscripts, to which Lovecraft would soon explicitly connect the Shards.

The information supplied in "The Challenge from Beyond" conflicts with that given in "The Diary of Alonzo Typer" (written in October 1935), wherein the Eltdown Shards are name-droppingly cited along with the Pnakotic Manuscripts: "I had never seen the text of the Pnakotic Manuscript(s) or of the Eltdown Shards before, and would not have come here if I had known what they contained." Typer read the text in book form in the deserted van der Heyl mansion, where it must have lain since at least 1872 when the van der Heyls disappeared. Clearly, the Eltdown Shards are now pictured along the lines of the Pnakotic Manuscripts as prehuman scriptures (like the Theosophists' Book of Dzyan, also mentioned in "Alonzo Typer"). Here the Shards have been translated (or at least transcribed) in book form long before the time they were even discovered according to "The Challenge from Beyond". This discrepancy was first pointed out by T. G. L. Cockcroft in his "Addendum" to Lin Carter's glossariss in "The Shattered Room".

The linkage with the Pnakotic Manuscripts is made complete in a letter to Searight dated February 13, 1936, only a few months after the completion of "Alonzo Typer". Lovecraft says that, "Curious parallelisms betwixt them (the Pnakotic Manuscripts) and the Eltdown Shards have been pointed out - as if both were remote derivations of some immeasurably anterior source, on this or some other planet." Here we find a distinction implicitly drawn between ancient traditions in a written text.

The final reference, in a letter to Henry Kuttner, written only three days later than that to Searight, merely reiterates the prehuman origin of the book, only this time the whole book, and not just its sources, seems to be in view. It "antedates the human race ... the Pnakotic Manuscripts".

How consistent was Lovecraft's conception of the Eltdown Shards? Basically, most of the references can be harmonized. The only really irreconcilable conflict concerns the question of whether we are dealing with a book passed down through the centuries, or a collection of fragmentary baked clay tablets discovered at the turn of the present century. The latter version, implied in the parallel with "Pitdown Man" and in the very name "Eltdown Shards", actually appears only in "The Challenge from Beyond", while the former appears in "The Diary of Alonzo Typer" and the letters to Searight and Kuttner. The reference in "The Shadow out of Time" may bear either interpretation. Of the two possible conceptions of the Eltdown Shards, Lovecraft seemed finally to prefer that which made them a little more than a variant version of the Pnakotic Manuscripts. This is really too bad since the version in "The Challenge from Beyond" was more unique and picturesque.

# Two of Our Bodies are Missing

by J. G. Cadera

This is a 'Call of Cthulhu' scenario for 2-3 investigators, preferably with some experience. They will be friends or associates of Dr. Homer Stanton. The scenario is set in London in the year 1923 and the use of firearms is not recommended since the area that the scenario is set in is rather cramped with terraced houses.

## Background Information

Dr. Stanton worked at Guy's Hospital in the Osteopathy Department where he studied cranial deformities. Although he was in possession of certain arcane information, he had little understanding of its significance until it was too late and he was murdered in the process of carrying out his own investigations. News of his death reaches the investigators when one of them reads the following report in a local newspaper.

"20th August 1923: The body of a man, identified as Dr. Homer Stanton, was found yesterday outside St. Mary's Church in Rotherhithe. He had been stabbed several times and police are looking for a 'foreign sounding' young man with whom Dr. Stanton had been seen with in 'The Scarlet Fish' public house on 18th August."

If the investigators decide to go to the police they will have to make a successful Fast Talk roll in order to find out more about Stanton's death. If they are successful they will be told that apart from three stab wounds the body also showed severe bruising and mauling as if a wild animal had been involved as well as a human attacker. In fact it seems that these injuries were the actual cause of death rather than the ineptly dealt knife wounds.

The rest of the scenario is set in the order that, hopefully, the characters will carry out their investigation.

## The Scarlet Fish Public House

If the investigators make enquiries here about Stanton's meeting with the 'foreign sounding' man they will be treated with a certain distrust. This can be overcome with a successful Fast Talk roll and a pint of beer. One old man, who seems remarkably talkative, will tell them that he saw the two men leave the pub and head towards the nearby church.

## St. Mary's Church

Should the investigators ask the local clergyman about Stanton, they will be told that the dead man had been found by one of the workers from the warves. They will be unable to trace this individual. Should they decide to wander about the church grounds, the investigators will, sooner or later, find a fenced off area within which is the tomb of someone called Lee Boo. The length epitaph tells them that Lee Boo was a prince of Palau and had died on 27th, December, 1784, aged 20.

## Bernonsey Library

Here the investigators can dig up information concerning Lee Boo and a couple of newspaper cuttings. A successful Library Use roll must be made for each item.

1) A passage from a book on local history states that "Lee Boo was the second son of Abba Thule of Palau in the Caroline Islands. He accompanied a Captain Wilson back to England where he lived in Rotherhithe with the Wilson family. Lee Boo was said to have been a pleasant young man and made many friends in the East India Company. Unfortunately Lee Boo succumbed to small pox soon after his arrival and died of the disease on the 27th December 1784 aged 20. He was buried on the Wilson plot at St. Mary's Church in Rotherhithe."

If the investigators wish to consult an atlas to find out where the Caroline Islands are, they may do so without having to make a Library Roll. If any of the team makes a successful Idea Roll they will notice that the Caroline Islands group also includes Ponape Island.

2) A cutting from a local paper entitled 'A Ghoul at Guys' and dated 4th May 1923.

"Medical authorities at Guy's Hospital have admitted that over the past few months several bodies have mysteriously disappeared from the dissection rooms. As yet only one

of these has been recovered, this was found outside the vinegar brewery in Church Street, Bernadsey, on 2nd January 1923. Four bodies are still unaccounted for."

3) A cutting entitled 'Bodies at Hickman's Polly'. "Two bodies, thought to be among those that disappeared from Guy's Hospital in December 1922, were found yesterday at Hickman's Polly, Dockhead. Although in good condition they appeared to have been buried at some time and later exhumed. It is not known how they came to be there or where they had been kept until the discovery. Two bodies are still missing."

#### Dr. Homer Stanton's Office

Stanton's office is situated within Guy's Hospital and the investigators will have to make a few successful Fast Talk rolls before they convince hospital staff that they are former friends of the late Dr. H. Stanton. The office is a small one with a single grubby window overlooking a dingy back street.

Stanton's Desk: The desk is unlocked and if the investigators search through the untidy drawers and make a successful Spot Hidden Object roll for each item they will find the following:

1) a key to the filing cabinet.

1i) a hand written note asking Stanton to meet a certain 'L.G.' at the Paradise Gate of Southwark Park. This is dated 18th August 1923.

1ii) part of a report, still in note form and several years out of date. It is in fact dated for the year 1921. The rest of this article can be found in Stanton's filing cabinet. The report concerns the student Louis B. Garoux who appears to have sustained a nervous breakdown after apparently spending a night in one of the dissection rooms. This is the only information that these notes give concerning Garoux, the rest, as already stated is to be found in the cabinet.

The Filing Cabinet: This is divided into three sections, the upper two contain patient reports and files and it is among these that a successful Spot Hidden roll will reveal a file on Louis Bertrand Garoux. Apart from the usual background information such as date and place of birth ( Troyes, France 2nd June 1901), there is attached to the report the following section which is dated 7th October 1921.

"The student Louis Garoux has been, until two days ago, a fine scholar of dedication and note. Somehow he was talked into spending a night in the dissection room by one of the other students - the end result of this ridiculous prank has been a total breakdown in Garoux's mental stability. He is now being treated in a psychiatric ward within the hospital and enquiries to find out who put him up to the dare have, as yet, drawn a blank.

I have interviewed the attendant who was on duty on the night of 5th October, but again with little result. He was found asleep or unconscious and has now given in his notice and is due to leave at the end of the week. He has developed an unreasoning fear of the dead, something that I cannot understand since he has been at the hospital since 1915 after being wounded during the late war.

I have also tried to interview Garoux himself, but all he does is talk utter gibberish and quote repulsive jargon from a book that he has read. There is obviously more to Garoux's illness than meets the eye."

The rest of this report is mainly concerned with Garoux's progress, the final entry being dated 2nd May 1923, the date of Garoux's discharge from the psychiatric ward.

The lowest section of the filing cabinet contains material that Stanton was compiling for a book on cranial malformations in Stone Age societies. There are several pictures of human skulls and a successful Idea Roll will show that at least one of them is a drawing of a specimen displayed in the office.

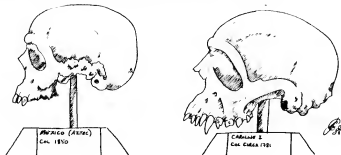
#### Dr. Stanton's Skull Collection

This is situated on the left hand side of the room and is housed on three shelves, each one holding six specimens. All the skulls are from various primitive societies and include examples from New Guinea, South America, Hawaii and some of the other Pacific Islands. While all the specimens are deformed in one way or another, one of them is particularly of a nauseous nature. It seems to be greatly overgrown and has badly damaged teeth. The label attached to it reads: "Caroline I. col. circa 1781". Drawings of this and other skulls can be found in the lowest drawer of the filing cabinet (see above). If a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll is made by any of the

investigators s/he will realise that this horrid object is the skull of a human being on the verge of transformation into a Deep One. A San roll must be made, failure of which will result in a 1d6 San loss for the unfortunate investigator/s who recognises the skull for what it really is. There is nothing else of note to interest the investigators here, except perhaps some therapy for those who go insane on the premises!

Having left Stanton's office one of the investigators (on a successful Idea roll) realises that they still have no idea where Garoux lives. Stanton, a remarkably untidy individual, had long since managed to misplace the address along with several others. The investigators are now faced with a new dilemma. They are obviously on the track, but their prey remains elusive. Their only hope is to go to the Student Records Office. They will have to make a successful Fast Talk roll to get the required information from the Registrar of Student Records. The investigators will be given an address in Maze Pond Terrace and told that it is not very far from the hospital.

If the investigators wish to go to the dissection room, they will have no trouble getting there. They will, however, have to make a San roll when they see several dismembered bodies lying on the slabs. There is a 1d6 San loss for those who fail their roll. No further information is to be gained from this area.



#### Garoux's House

When the investigators arrive at Garoux's dwelling they will find that he is out. An inquisitive neighbour will ask them what they want, if they succeed in a Fast Talk roll, Mr. Rawlins will tell them that the French gent has left a key with him in case any of his friends should turn up. If the roll is a failure Rawlins will become suspicious and the investigators will have to leave.

Unless old Rawlins gives them the key, the team is going to have a problem getting into the house since the old man will now be far more watchful. They can, on the other hand, try to bribe him, but if they fail their Bargain roll Rawlins will contact the police and the investigators chances of getting into the house will be even more remote. Once inside the house, the investigators will become aware of an almost overpowering smell of ripe meat.

#### The Lounge

This is a small, but tidy room holding little of interest for the investigators. The mantel has a few cheap ornaments while a bookshelf holds mainly medical books. However, a successful Library Use roll will reveal that one of these is, in fact, an occult work entitled 'Loup Garou' by H. R. Plumier and published in 1898. The book is in French and anyone reading it will lose 1d6 San. On the wall above the fire place there is a pair of rapiers (1d6+1 Dam.).

#### The Kitchen

If any of the investigators search the cupboards and make a successful Spot Hidden roll they will find a bloodstained knife tucked away among the other utensils. This is the knife that was used to stab Stanton.

#### The Bedroom

Another untidy room showing that Garoux is a fastidious person. The single bed has been neatly made and the room has been recently cleaned. On the bedside table is lying a large leatherbound volume called 'A Treatise on Necromantic Manifestations'

by Giles Wtaker. There is a bookmark about halfway through the book. If the book is opened at this point the reader will take 1d10 San loss. The book also has a x5 Spell Multiplier.

#### Linen Cupboard:

Holds nothing of interest whatsoever as far as the investigators are concerned.

#### The Study

This room holds a bureau, inside which are various medical papers, journals, letters from friends etc. The study also houses Garoux's occult collection along with what appear to be curios, these latter include a hand of glory (This was used to put the dissection room attendant to sleep), several human skulls - including one that has been converted into a drinking bowl, a flute made from a thigh bone and a shrunken head. If one of the investigators should try playing this flute there is a 30% chance that s/he will play the right notes and summon a Dimensional Shambler.

#### The Garden

The kitchen looks out onto a bramble and weed choked garden. A closer look will reveal a path that leads from the kitchen door to the back of the garden where there is a clearing. Part of this has been recently dug over and roughly leveled. A Spot Hidden roll will show - provided that the investigators have not tramped all over it - some prints of unshod feet. If anyone stands about for any length of time on this spot (The time is up to the Keeper) a hand coming up from the ground will grab the nearest ankle and attempt the unfortunate down into the soft soil. The victim takes a 1d20 San loss if he fails his/her roll and must roll on the Resistance table, to avoid being dragged down. If this roll is failed then the victim automatically takes a 1d20 San loss and must roll again on the Resistance table. A third failed roll results in the investigator being completely dragged under the soil. Should the unfortunate character be pulled free two zombies will also emerge to attack the investigators.

If the investigators decide to ignore the garden the zombies will emerge and attack them in the house. These, so to speak, are Garoux's watch dogs and are conditioned to react to any disturbance in the house. Whether the investigators are attacked in the house or the garden, it would be about this time that Garoux returns home. Garoux will be more than annoyed to find strangers upsetting his living dead and will join the attack. Depending on where the fighting is going on, he has several choices for his form of attack. He can grab one of the rapiers in the house lounge or a knife in the kitchen, failing this he will try to get to the bone flute in order to summon a Dimensional Shambler to help him.

Louis B. Garoux: Str 12, Dex 12, Int 16, Con 18 App 11, Pow 10, Mag 10, Siz 14, San 25, Edu 46, Hit Points 16.

Skills: Read/write French 80%, Read/write English 6%, Speak English 58%, Anthropology 50% Cthulhu Mythos 4%, First Aid 87%, Occult 5%.

Spells: Summon Dimensional Shambler, Bind Dimensional Shambler, Contact Ghoul, Enchant Item, Create Zombie, Resurrection.

Attack: Fist/Punch 6%, Head Butt 4%, Kick 3% Knife 42%, Rapier 4%.

Zombies: Str 14, Con 12, Siz 12, Pow 1, Dex 9, Maul 40% 2d8+1d6.





Dimensional Shambler: Str 19, Con 16, Siz 20, Int 6, Pow 11, Dex 4, Claw 3% -  
Damage 1d8+1d6.

### Conclusion

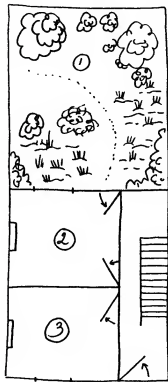
If the investigators kill Garoux they are going to find themselves in the middle of a murder enquiry their association with Stanton is likely to go against them since they are now likely to be accused of his murder as well as Garoux's. The noise that the fight will cause is bound to attract attention, especially in such a tiny street. If the investigators are captured, they will have to make a successful Fast Talk roll in order to be vaguely believed. If they stick to their story of having been attacked by zombies they will find themselves in the nearest psychiatric ward. The outcome of the team's capture is best left to the Keeper - these are merely suggestions.

If, on the other hand, they manage to capture Garoux alive, they will be hailed as heroes, providing that they do not overdo their descriptions of what they found in the house.

### Authors note

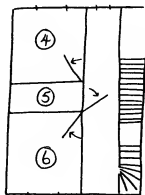
This scenario was written on location and some of it is historically accurate!

## THE GAROUX HOUSE



### Key

1. GARDEN
2. KITCHEN
3. LOUNGE
4. STUDY
5. LINEN CUPBOARD
6. BEDROOM



# *The Horror at Witches Hollow* Part 2

by Robert J. Curran

## The story so far:-

Michael Scorceesi decides to rent the old Mercer Place, a run down, dilapidated little building situated in the backhills above Pawtucket. Scorceesi saw the old building as the ideal setting in which to write his new novel featuring his popular character - Nero Roth.

Leaving his wife and the big city he arrived at Pawtucket, hoping to discover the truth about the rumours told to him by the estate agent concerning the mysterious background to the Mercer home, which has afforded more than its fair share of suicides and strange disappearances than most places. However, the locals appear to be quite odd, regarding Scorceesi as a man to be shunned along with his new home. Stranger too was the mystery surrounding an old hog wallow near to the Old Mercer Place, known to the townsfolk as Witches Hollow, where it was said, strange things lurked at night.....

His sleep was not as sound as he imagined it would be. A number of times he started awake, as if from some hideous dream, to see queer shadows move and sway in the light coming through the uncurtained windows. Once, he was sure, something came and tapped on the small kitchen window, making a low moaning sound as it did so - "O-ooo". So strong was this impression that he rose and went into the shadowed kitchen, switching on the light, but nothing started back on the other side of the dirty glass of the window and the sound did not come again. Still, as he listened, he fancied he heard voices coming from somewhere a good way off, perhaps from the other side of the low hill behind the house. The sound rose and fell in regular cadences, as though it were a chant, yet as he strained to hear, it faded away and he was left with the sounds of the night.

Dawn filled the old house with a grey and unhealthy light. Sleepily, Michael Scorceesi rose and rubbed his eyes. In the first light of the morning, the house did not seem as completely derelict as it had done the night before. True, the mould and dirt were still there, as were the peculiar shadows which flitted in remote corners, but the early light served to make the room in which he stood seem more habitable and welcoming. He decided that he must get it cleaned up, but not just right away. Bringing a portable gas stove and some cooking utensils from the car, he set about making himself some breakfast. Memories of the night flitted like bits of torn rag across his consciousness - had he really heard a queer cry below the kitchen window? Had something tried to draw his attention during the dark hours? An owl, he thought, must have flown against the kitchen window, beating with its wings on the murky glass and crying softly. And yet he knew that no nightbird had made the low, almost human cry which he heard in the still of the previous night. Even as he thought about it, an idea occurred to him and, finishing off his breakfast, he unpacked his typewriter, sat down at the solid deal table and began to write the opening chapter of his new Nero Roth novel. It was surprising how easily the plot flowed - Roth had been hired to track down the son of a millionaire, captured by a mysterious religious group, up in the Appalachian Mountains. Scorceesi planned that book should be a quasi-religious political thriller - the group should have Neo-Nazi overtones for he knew that right wing groups were dotted across the hills, with its ultimate objective the overthrow of the United States government. He called the novel "The Cultus", an appropriate title, he thought, as he intended to plunge his hero into the world of fringe cults and mystery religions.

"There!" he said as he drew another sheet of typewritten paper from his machine "I knew that getting away from it all would make the creative juices flow again". He paused and got up, and, crossing to the door, he looked out across the open land to the queer clump of trees in the marshy ground. It was almost mid-day and long shadows chased each other toward the house. From somewhere in the distance he heard, once more, the cry of the strange bird and the sound called up memories of the previous night - the cry at the window and the mysterious chanting voices, filling him with an inexplicable dread and making him close the door hurriedly and return to the comparative gloom of the house.

## II

### The Shadow from the Hill

The next few days were torn between getting the house into some semblance of order and writing further pages of his novel. He made two trips to Aylesbury where he purchased cleaning materials, groceries and the utensils which he might need in his daily living.

The windows he left uncurtained, for the house was extremely isolated and who was there to peer in? The work filled his days and left him with a healthy tiredness each evening. Yet his sleep was not restful, for at night, he still imagined that something tapped on the back window and called to him in a low, moaning voice and when he had looked below it, one morning, he found that the ground was strangely broken and disturbed. Still he saw nothing, yet at times, deep in the night-time dark, he thought he heard the far chanting, like a number of voices engaged in some sort of holy ritual. Two other things disturbed him greatly.

The first occurred on the day after his arrival. He had decided to take a walk and review his new domain. The ground which stretched away in front of the house seemed marshy and was, he believed, unsafe. Thus, he decided to explore the queer hills behind the house. A small trail wound from the back of the dwelling up to the hill-crest and Scorcesi followed it, catching his breath as he climbed and finally stepping amongst the ancient and lichen covered stones of the tumbled roth on its summit. He found himself looking down into a small depression in the centre of which dark trees clustered closely together over marshy ground. Though the hollow was empty, yet he found himself imagining that it had just been vacated recently and that someone, or something crouched close by observing his every movement. He was aware, too, that such a Presence was great and monstrous and intended him no good. Despite his fear he took a few steps down the slope and into the glen. Even as he did so, he sensed that the light had altered in a queer way and that a peculiar mist had begun to form about the base of the dark trees in the hollow's centre. A horrid scarlet growth coiled round a stone in front of him, seeming to heave with a hideous and unhealthy life which did nothing to dispell his apprehension. As he descended, he became aware of a number of hill noises - queer subterranean sounds, which came and went, growing in volume for a moment and then sinking away into the depths of the hills again. The path which he followed led past the front door of his cabin, perched on the side of the hill, which gave the air of having been abandoned, yet which gazed out across the trail with blind eyes which hinted at a curious and malignant intelligence beyond. The day grew steadily darker as he went deeper into the hollow and he feared to pass the door of the ancient cabin, so turning from the dark depression he fled back across the hill to where his own house waited.

The atmosphere of the gloomy hollow had made such an impression on him that he could not banish it from his mind for some time afterward. On several nights, as dusk began to descend upon the hills, he found himself looking out of the narrow kitchen window over the trail which wound across the hill. Once too he ventured back to gaze down into the depression and he noticed once more the pervading gloom, the perpetual silence and the sinister hill noises which characterised the place. The setting sun, shone from the dead windows of the cabin by the path, a flock of whippoorwills which his presence had disturbed, flew into the sky and it seemed to him that they deliberately avoided flying over the desolate hollow. He turned and left the shadowed depression to its sinister dressing.

The second thing that disturbed him was the discovery of the diary-fragments. He had been cleaning some of the upstairs rooms with the intention of buying a bed which he would put in. In one of the empty bedrooms, a large, cumbersome and empty wardrobe had been pushed into a corner against the chimney breast. Scorcesi planned to make this room his own but had taken an immediate dislike to the awkward fixture and determined that it should be moved to another room. After some difficulty, the wardrobe came away from the wall with a shower of plaster, revealing loose bricks in the chimney breast against which it had lain. It was on removing these that the writer found the torn diary.

Crushed into a tiny recess behind the loose bricks lay the remnants of an old book - a diary of some sort, written on time-yellowed paper with some sort of iron nib. Taking them from their hiding place, Scorcesi perused the crabbed and narrow script which covered the yellowing pages. Indeed these were all that remained of a diary, but the main part of the book seemed to have been destroyed for, although the covers still remained, it seemed that the pages had been torn out with considerable force, leaving only a few isolated notes which did not appear to be in any sort of order, but which hinted at the old house's grim past. Going back down to the living room he spread the pages on the table surface and began to read. The pages followed no particular chronology and although they were dated as to the month, they gave no clue as to their year of origin. Moreover, parts of the chronicle were almost illegible due to damp and

the work of mice. Still, he was content to read them as they fell.

APRIL 12th The servant problem grows more acute. Several of those whom I have hired for the renovations have drifted back into the hills without any explanation. When I questioned Smith, he was as surley as ever - how the man must dislike me! - and made little response. I shall have to take the problem in hand myself.

APRIL 17th More problems. The man absolutely refuse to work in the hollow behind the house. I have orde red an old cabin there to be pulled down but they will not do it. When questioned, some of them muttered darkly about something called "the Devil dunnock" and "Ole Lijah" but would not speak further on the matter. Smith, in his usual surley way, says that this is just "backhills foolishness" and advises me to "pay no heed". All the same, something will have to be done.

APRIL 24th I am no nearer resolving the problem. Most of the men I have hired have gone back into the hills and, although I have ridden through several remote hollows, their hideously ingrown families profess to know nothing about them. Yet, I know I glimpsed the face of Luthur Goddard, one of those who wandered off, peering down at me from the upstairs window of his family's frame house. I suspect that these backhill clods are laughing at me behind my back. There is more talk amongst those who remain about "Ole Lijah", though none will say what they mean. One grizzled man told me that my land was "pisened" and that no good would ever come from it - I note, too, that they avoid the hollow behind the house which I understand is known locally as Witches Hollow.

Smith and Rhobey Morse continue to conspire against me. I see them standing in corners of the yard, whispering secretively, going back to their tasks at my approach. Smith will not comment on the strange exodus of his people, simply stating "tis backhills waye". I am at a loss to know how to keep my servants and as to what it is that drives them away in fear.

MAY 1st Rhobey Morse went last night, just like the others. Something has to be done! Today, I followed her to her cabin in the hills. (Hers part of the text was indecipherable and Scorsesi could only make out isolated words and phrases such as ... "stinking hovel" and "emasculated cattle", at length the diary became readable once more). Her mother, Jo Anna Morse, is a terrible old harridan, greatly feared throughout the hills as a witch. When I knocked at the door of the hut, it was she and not Rhobey who answered though I could see my wretched servant crouching in the dark beyond. The old hag told me that her daughter had ceased in my employ and when I threatened that I would enter the house and take her daughter by force she screamed at me in some unknown tongue in a fashion which chilled me to the bone. I then threatened to bring the local constable to enforce my wishes and she murmured something in reply that I could not make out but which sounded like 'Goggo Mormo'. She then muttered some rigmarole about a moon with a thousand faces! What nonsense! Seeing that her queer display had little effect on me, she threatened me with the wrath of the Wizard Dunnock - a man who I learned later has been dead for some thirty years! When I scoffed, she made a queer sign with her hand and assured me that he was still alive. Something in her tone frightened me, but there was worse. Two of her sons - both imbeciles - had wandered into view. It is said that though their senses are all astray yet they have prodigious strength and I feared them greater than any curse of their mother. Vowing to be back, I took my leave. Despite all my brave talk I doubt if I shall return.

MAY 20th I have heard today of a man named Nathan Ledberry, who lives on a track beyond Pawtucket. He is famed as a visionary and even as a warlock by some and it is said that he knows much of the ways of the hill country. Perhaps, if he will talk, he may be of some use to me.

MARCH 20th Still no news from the Freeman Islands. My brig 'Clara' has been gone these seven months. On her last voyage there, her captain, Devau, could only repeat, upon his return, old tales which he'd heard among the natives (more illegible text) a mysterious island with v. old ruins far to the south - the locals say that it is the centre of queer worship. I believe that the answer to this curse lies somewhere there - was this not the site of fabled Muar? The Stone may drive back whatever it was that the wizard Dunnock called down. God grant that it be so!

(On this page another hand using a different and more modern pen had written in red ink across the margin "Aklo Book in tin trunk in the cellar").

JULY 10th who is it that comes and taps on my window at night? Twice I have heard a low moaning sound and have gone to investigate to find nothing. Still, in the morning, the ground is curiously broken. What course have I brought down? I think that it must be Smith and that infernal Moree woman. I believe that I can hear them whisper under my window. They are trying to drive me mad, but it won't work.

MARCH 23rd I am now certain that he lives - the wizard Dunnock, Ole Lijah, still lives! I went to the Hollow last evening but could not go down. Thought I saw something above among the dark trees. He comes and hammers on my door when it is dusk. No word from the F. Ielee. Perhaps the 'Clara' has gone down at sea like the others. If there is no news soon, I will kill myself.

MAY 15th I believe someone is watching me from the hill behind the house. The servants have all gone, all except Smith. Last night, something flapped in the chimney, I am sure that it was not a bird. (Illegible text). Asked Smith about it but he professed to know nothing. The man is lying! I thought I saw Rhobey Morse, close to the house last night (the rest of the page was torn away).

MARCH 29th God help me! The voices called me to the Hollow last night and I saw it! It is true - he is there. That Hooded Flapping Thing that, in a horrid bleating voice, called me by name!! It followed me back like a shadow from the hill! IA! IA! GOGGO MORMO!!!

Soorcesi sat for a long time looking at the scattered pieces of the ruined diary. There was no doubt in his mind that this was the record of Joel Mercer's last days in this old house. By arranging the loose pages into some sort of order, he was able to obtain a picture of the madness which was already starting to infect the mind of the builder and original tenant of the dwelling in which he now sat. As he understood it, Mercer had some sort of servant problem which he had attempted to sort out himself. It seemed to concern the ghastly hollow behind the house, yet Mercer could not ascertain from the ingrown hill-folk the true nature of the problem and was left with only hints and speculations. In desperation he had gone to see an ancient visionary, one Nathan Ledberry, to get some inkling at least as to what might be going on. After that, the diary became unintelligible to him - what was the Stone which Mercer sought? What was the significance of the ruins in the remote Freeman Isles? He scrutinized the entry for 20th March, with its cryptic message in the margin - "Aklo Book in tin trunk in the cellar", obviously added by a later hand. Although he could not fathom what this meant, he knew that the cellar was the one place in the old house where he had not been. A massive iron-bound door, complete with rusty keyhole, led off from the kitchen down to the depths of what he presumed to be a subterranean store-house, yet despite exploring all other rooms, he had never so much as ventured to try the master key in the eroded lock and go down into the dark depths below the house. Was there a trunk down there? What was the Aklo Book? He decided that there was only one way to find out and, rising from the table, he lifted the ancient master key and went into the kitchen. Placing the key in the keyhole he made to turn it - the lock made a protesting noise and the key would not budge! He applied more force but there was still no response. The key simply did not open the door! Perhaps, he thought, the agent should have given him another key - he would take this up with the man when he was next in Pawtucket. Returning to the living room he sat down at the deal table once more and began to inspect once again the scattered pages. They rendered him no further clue as to the horror which had overcome the first of the Mercer line and at length, he pushed them to one side and went to make himself something to eat in the tiny back kitchen. As he did so he found himself looking out towards the low hill behind the house and he thought of the hollow beyond. For a second, he fancied that a huge shadow had gathered amongst the tumbled stones of the ruined roth and watched him from the summit of the rise. An inexplicable terror overcame him and he ran from the uncurtained window and back to the light of the living room.

That night, the tapping on the kitchen window seemed even more insistent. He had laid out his sleeping bag in what he now regarded as the master bedroom, but even here the low tapping and the sad moaning from outside echoed through the bare rooms of the Mercer house. Now he fancied he could hear words mixed amongst the strange keening sound - words which he could not make out but which he fancied sounded like "Goggo Mormo, Goggo Mormo". Rising, he made his way down to the unlit kitchen and looked out.

There was nothing there, yet he thought for an instant, something slid back to merge with the shadows in the clump of some nearby bushes, a large shadow perhaps. Shaken, he returned to his sleeping bag and was not disturbed again in the night. The following morning, he put the experience down to the fragments of the terrible diary which he had found - maybe the following night would bring a sounder sleep.

A third thing which bothered although it did not exactly alarm him, was the speed at which his novel was progressing and also the direction which it appeared to be taking. When he had originally thought of the idea, he had conceived it as a political thriller - the hard-nosed Roth getting mixed up with a cult of right wing, white "patriots" in the style of the Ku Klux Klan. True, a note of religion had crept in from the outset but this was alright as most of these groups flirted with religious dogma. Now the religious aspect seemed to have taken over the cult against which Roth found himself pitted and it was not a wholesome religion, but rather one which hinted at queer worship and blasphemous gods. It was as if the novel had taken on a life of its own and, reading the closely-typed pages, he found references to obscure books and obscure gods about which he, himself, knew nothing. Names like Y'sin, a blind fungus god of antique time or the arch-ancient land of Bho where queer crinid beings made horrid obeisance amid strange stone tumuli or the mention of a distant stony monastery perched on the very lip of the shunned plateau of Leng, in which a masked priest played hideously upon a carved reed pipe, or the whisper of vanished Hylusia and the shocking rites which had been performed there, all meant nothing to him. Yet Roth now seemed to be immersed in this whole terrible backcloth. The detective story was rapidly turning into a rigmorole of nightmarish fantasy and horror and he imagined that the publishers would balk at the final transcript. All the same he persisted with the work, indeed he could do little else for the fiction had taken on a life of its own and he became little more than a channel for some fevered imagination. At length, he decided that he needed a break from the work, the atmosphere which he had so long craved was beginning to get to him - he needed supplies anyhow and a journey to the nearest grocery store would do him no harm. Thus he shut the door on the house and started up his car.

Half-an-hour's drive brought him to the main street of the mouldering Hamlet of Crane. Driving in from the head of the falling village, he was immediately impressed by the desolation and squalor of the place. To his right lay the entrance to an almost deserted sawmill yard - only a few grizzled old men squatting by a falling shack in its corner looked up to see him pass and nobody stirred on the front porch of the house beyond. The houses too seemed to have absorbed the degeneracy of the area - most were abandoned and boarded up and the sides of others bulged hideously. Those from which thin whiffs of smoke did rise, seemed to be in an advanced state of disrepair and exuded an almost tangible air of depravity and decay. He noted too that there were few people about - a crippled mountain patriarch, hobbling on a stick along the edge of the street observed him from under hooded eyes as he passed, and a few grubby children playing on some waste ground nearby hardly took him under their notice as he drew up in front of a low building which bore the legend "Z. Hogue - Groceries an' Provisions", scrawled unevenly on a filthy board above the door. The agent in Pantucket had told him tales of Zebulon Hogue, the only storekeeper in Crane. He was the last scion of an old and degenerate backhills family and was strange and distrustful in his ways, keeping his thoughts very much to himself. The agent also said, with a knowing smile which Scorsesi did not like, that the old man had a woman living with him. She was an albino who did not have all her wits about her and was called Elkhannah Morse. Many of the local populace were frightened of her, for at times her mind seemed very much astray and at nights she wandered the roads below Crane, peering in at lighted windows and frightening young children with her pallid face and huge pink eyes. Whether she was Hogue's mistress, wife, daughter or ward, the agent could not say, for the grizzled storekeeper kept her away from prying eyes in a back kitchen during the hours of daylight. The general store, however, was a great place for loungers who gathered to swap gossip and stories and, by listening to them, Hogue knew more about the backhills country than anyone else.

The interior of the store was dark and smelt unwholesome when Scorsesi entered. For a few seconds he stood in the doorway whilst his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, then he started across the creaking floor, his eyes taking in the low counter, laid with mouldering provisions and the round-bellied stove in the corner at which one old grey-bearded man sat, a wide-brimmed dark hat pulled across his eyes, quietly surmising

to himself and scratching amongst the ragged check shirt and white frieze drawers which he wore. Apart from this all was silent within the store and the shouts of the children at play drifted in from the street outside. A man whom he assumed to be Zebulon Hogue, a grizzled giant, stood behind the counter. Behind him, a filthy curtain doubtlessly concealed the entrance to another part of the building.

"Morning!" Scorceesi greeted the storekeeper amiably enough. The giant's eyes hooded momentarily and he merely nodded in reply. "I'd like some provisions" Scorceesi fumbled in his pocket "I've made a list". The oldster by the stove looked up and gave a high-pitched titter. The voices of the children drifted in from outside, taking on a peculiar chanting quality which reminded Scorceesi of the queer night-time cadence he had heard from the hollow behind the house. The sound of their play gave him an uneasy feeling for he could not identify the game. He gave a nervous laugh and jerked his head towards the open door. "Noisey ain't they?". Hogue said nothing but held out a huge and grimey paw for the list. The old man by the stove gave a harsh and brittle laugh.

"Called 'Jingls at the Winder'" he remarked "It's an old party-play game in these hyar parts. They don't mean no harm by it" His eyes fell back under the brim of his hat and he resumed his muttering, as if he had grown weary of the conversation. Hogue scanned the list.

"Reckon I can fix these up fer ye", he said in a voice so deep and booming that it seemed to come from the very roots of the hills themselves, "Yew want them naw?". Scorceesi smiled, "Yes, I'll take them now unless you do a delivery. I'm living out at the old Mercer place outside of town". The old man by the stove made a low moaning sound and Hogue's eyes narrowed.

"Don't do deliveries", he boomed, "Got ~~ma~~ store to run".

"Yes, yes, of course", Scorceesi waved airily, "I'll wait for you to fill the order. I'm in no hurry".

Hogue moved to the shelves behind the counter and began to take down tins, glancing at the list as he did so.

"Living out there, it - well it's pretty remote" Scorceesi tried to make conversation as the storekeeper put his order together.

"Reckon it is" said Hogue non-committedly "A man could get mighty lonely livin' out thar. He could start imaginin' things". He went on lifting the tins and boxes.

"There is a small hollow just over the hills behind the property...." began Scorceesi. Hogue stopped momentarily in his work and Scorceesi heard a soft titter from the direction of the stove. The day had grown suddenly still and no sounds of childrens play drifted in any longer.

"What about it?" Hogue's thunderous voice filled the tiny store.

"There is an old cabin down there", went on the writer nervously, "I was - wondering if anyone lived there". A sharp wind moaned in the street and from somewhere behind the desolate houses of Crane a strange bird called, high and shrill.

"No" answered Hogue at length. "Ain't nobody lives there. Usta belong to an old man called Elijah Dunnock back in the old time. He was a preacher, although some folks hereabouts say that he was a prophet". The old man by the fire tittered and moaned.

"He war the Devil hisself", he wheezed. Hogue swung on him sharply, "Hush up Simeon" he thundered "That thar's foolish talk. The stranger don't want to hear none of that". The old man commenced whispering and murmuring again.

"I takes it that he's been dead a long time then" said Scorceesi. The ancient by the stove gave a high braying laugh which made him jump.

"He ain't dead", he bleated, "The ole devil don't die". Hogue silenced him with a look.

"He's bin dead a long time sir", he replied. "Ain't nobody in these hills remembers him alive. Some say he's bin dead these two hundred years, some say less". A movement behind the giant made Scorceesi turn. A pale bearded face peered through the curtain. Hogue swung viciously.

"Elkhannah!" he cried "Yew stay in thar woman, this talk ain't fer the likes of yew". The face vanished, but not before Scorceesi had seen the huge terrified eyes and the slack drooling mouth. This could only, he reasoned, be Elkhannah Morse, rumoured to be half-imbecilic. Hogue turned back to the shelves and began to take down some cartons which bore the visible traces of mould. Scorceesi said nothing for fear of arousing the old giant's wrath.

"It's a strange place - that hollow" he said conversationally. Hogue did not even pause in his task.

"That it is sir", he rumbled, "It's mighty quiet down there 'cept fer the hill noises

that is - some folks won't go inter that holler, say there's a haant lives down there. They call it Witches Holler in these parts". The old man called Simeon made a harsh wheezing sound in the darkness of the corner. He heaved himself upward, looking for all the world like some obscene scarecrow - an old bundle of rags tied with string. "The land's pizened" he croaked, pointing at Scorceesi with a wizened finger.

"Pizened by that Flappin' Thing that the old Wizard Dunnock brought outa the sky. I see'd it myself, it's still down there in the Holler - Git away from here stranger, git away from here unless ye have the Stone an' kin stand agin it". He sank back into his seat, exhausted by his speech and, as if in response, from beyond the curtain leading into the back of the store, came a high-pitched titter.

"Hush up Elkhannah!" shouted Hogue, then he turned to Scorceesi "Don't pay ole Simeon no heed sir. He's a mite teched. He b'leives in thangs that aren't thar". Scorceesi nodded understandingly. Hogue brought down the last item on the list.

"Thar sir, Thet's all yew have down here. I'll git a box to put 'em in". He reached under the counter and brought out a large box.

"How much will that be?", asked Scorceesi. Hogue did a quick calculation and quoted a price. Scorceesi paid him, anxious to be away from that dark store and it's occupants.

"Tell me", he said as Hogue handed him his change. "This old man Dunnock - did any of the locals ever call him Ole Lijah?". For a second the massive storekeeper paused, his face pale. Scorceesi half-turned, but the old man by the stove had gone. Turning back, he glimpsed Hogue make a peculiar sign with his right hand, just below the level of the counter. At last Zebulon Hogue spoke again.

"Why sir", he said evenly, "I b'lieve they did".

The day had suddenly grown overcast as Michael Scorceesi made his way back to his car, carrying his box of groceries. The children still played, although now they moved out onto the street. He paused to look at them and wondered what sort of significance this game "Jingle at the Window" held for them. Shrugging, he got into the car. The childish voices raised in tone behind him:

"Jingle at the winder to-day - o  
Pass the winder, jingle - o".

And looking back in his rear-view mirror, Scorceesi noted that each one held their right hand aloft, making a curious sign in the air as if to protect .... or to curse.

### III

#### The House and the Book

He awoke, the following morning, soaked in a cold sweat. That night had been the worst of all. Peculiar dreams, the substance of which he could not wholly remember, had pursued him throughout his slumber. Fragments remained however. Had he gone down to the nighted kitchen in response to the fervant tapping on the glass window? Had he seen something its face pressed close to the pane peering in. Memories of the horrid, imbecelic face of Elkhannah Morse - was she not said to wander the back-roads around Crane when it was dark and to peer in at windows? But, as he drew nearer to the glass, he realised that this was not the face of the albino, but rather the countenance of something long dead and cadaverous. It was the face of an old man, twisted almost out of recognition by evil and hate. Maggots crawled across the face of the night ghoul, a worm uncoiled from under a lock of stringy hair overhanging its forehead, a rotting finger beckoned. The thing opened its tattered shirt to show its chest - which was alive with waving tendrils and suckers, seeking some form of unholy nourishment. Scorceesi awoke in horror to find dawn streaming into his room.

He went down to the makeshift living room where another mystery awaited. There, piled beside his typewriter was another chapter of the novel - a chapter which he could not remember having typed! He sat down and began to read it. Page after page was filled with horror of the most obscene kind. Roth had now tracked down the kidnab-cult and was questioning one of its members. Hints of witchcraft, devil-worship and blasphemous rites abounded in the typescript - names like T'achnu, Lord of the Black Abyss, a scuttling, multi-legged thing or Ylrng, "that which bubbles and blasphemous in the ultimate darkness" occurred almost on every page. Scorceesi put the manuscript down, sickened. Could he really have written all this obscenity? The style was not his and the manuscript bore not the slightest resemblance to anything he had ever written before. He could just imagine Jim Bannister, his literary agent, really going beerk over this nonsense. Still, Bannister must be worried about him anyway - about his



sudden disappearance. Maybe he was even trying to trace him. With a sudden pang of conscience, Scorceci resolved to give Bannister a call, just to put his mind at rest - no-one else need know. Perhaps getting in touch with someone he really knew would give him back the hold on reality which he felt was slipping away. Outside the house, a sudden wind stirred the bushes, and, away across the open space in front of the house a strange bird called in harsh and strident tones. Scorceci reconsidered. Bannister had been the one who had arranged all the deals for him, who had overloaded him with commitments and work - why should he be the one to be contacted in order to bring details of yet more offers and work crowding in. Let him sweat, it would do him good! Besides, if Scorceci showed him the latest work, Bannister would not only reject it but might call in the guys in the white coats as well! No, the less people who knew where he was, the better. The wind outside died down again and something flapped high up in the chimney. A bird perhaps. A noise at the back window startled him. Someone, or something was tapping on the glass and, looking through into the kitchen, he saw a face peering in. Giving an involuntary cry of horror he sprang back.

"Hello", called a low voice from outside, "Anyone at home?". The face at the window gradually clarified into that of an elderly grey-haired man in a dark suit who squinted anxiously into the gloomy house. Scorceci pulled himself together and went to the back door. At the sound of bolts being drawn back, the grey man turned to face him.

"Mr. Scorceci?" he asked, smiling. The writer nodded.

"Yeah, I'm Michael Scorceci" he replied. The other extended a hand.

"I'm Doctor Ernest Shumann from Pawtucket", he said, "I'm a tremendous fan of your work and I had a call to make in Crane and when I heard you were living in these parts, well...." He let the sentence hang and looked expectantly into the house beyond. Scorceci stood back.

"Well I suppose you'd best come in", he said, then with a hollow laugh "I wouldn't like to get on the wrong side of the local sawbones would I?".

Shumann smiled weakly and stepped past him.

"No indeed", he said "You know Mr. Scorceci, I'm a really big fan of yours. I've read most of your books - 'Moon over Miami' was my favourite though. Very violent - just the way I like 'em. Liked 'The Killing Garden' too though, nice twist at the end I thought. They tell me you're up here to work on a new novel. Another Nero Roth?" Scorceci nodded. The doctor's eyes swept around the room as if looking for something, then came back to rest on the author with a mixture of curiosity and concern. "If I could ask, as an ardent fan, what's this one about? Has it any connection with this area - is that why you're here?".

"No". Responded Scorceci. He was getting irritated by the man's continual questioning "I just came up here to get away from....pressures. You know - living in the city and all that". Shumann nodded sympathetically.

"Ah yes" he agreed "The hustle and bustle of city life. Well, Mr. Scorceci, you've certainly picked a fine old place as your hideaway. How do you like living here - a bit isolated don't you think?". Michael Scorceci shrugged.

"I like it well enough", he answered.

"Of course" responded Shumann, "But don't you ever get lonely up here, all on your own?". He paused. "Especially at night?". Scorceci regarded him carefully - was the little man merely being pleasant or was he probing? Or did he know more than he pretended?

"What's the purpose of your visit Doc?" he asked suddenly. The smile never left Shumann's face.

"Just being neighbourly", replied the old man. "Just happened to be in the area and, like I said, I'm a big fan of your work, Mr. Scorceci. It's not every old country doctor who gets to meet his hero. But, if I may speak for a moment in my professional capacity, you are looking a trifle peaky - are you sleeping well at nights?". Scorceci hesitated. Shumann seemed genuine enough - should he entrust him with the night-time horror or would the doctor simply laugh at him?

"Beofre I answer", he said, "What do you know about this house and about these hills?" The response seemed to be the one for which Shumann sought. His eyes softened and his manner changed somewhat. Crossing to the fire, he sat down in the rocker.

"The question is, Michael - I may call you Michael? - how much do you know about this house and the hills around it?" he asked. Scorceci hesitated, but only for a moment.

"I only know that I think that there's something mighty peculiar going on around the house" he said. The doctor's eyes narrowed.

"Especially at night?" he asked. Scorsesi swallowed and nodded.

"I think that something comes and taps on the window of the back kitchen and calls out to me every night" he said. "I think I hear a sort of chanting coming from the hollow just across the hill behind the house. That's why I was so startled when you looked in through the window just now". The doctor smiled and nodded. "There are chapters of a book which I've typed, yet I don't remember typing them - maybe I did it in my sleep, only it's not my style at all. The stuff that's been typed - well it's sickening, horrible, obscene". He paused to catch his breath.

"Ah" said Shumann, lying back in his rocker, "Anything else?". Michael Scorsesi shook his head.

"Not that I can think of", he replied, "Although that hollow - the one I told you about, behind the house, well it scares the pants off me. I won't even go down there. Sometimes I think that a huge shadow rises up to the top of the hill and watches me when I'm working in the kitchen. I went into Crane yesterday and asked Zebulon Hogue - you know, the storekeeper there - about the hollow, but he wouldn't tell me much. There was a queer old man sitting by the stove in the store, whom Hogue called Simeon ...." Shumann nodded.

"That would be Simeon Grover", he explained, "People in the backhills regard him as something of a visionary. He's a little...touched though. Lives alone in an old shack on one of the fire roads. But I'm interrupting your story - please go on". Scorsesi shook his head.

"There's really nothing more to tell, Doc", he said, "Sometimes I think I'm goin' insane. I think it's all tied up with that hollow behind the house - the locals call it Witches Hollow you know". Shumann sat back in the chair, regarding him through half-closed eyes.

"I think I ought to level with you", he said eventually. "It was no accident that I came over to see you. In fact I was asked to call with you - Dan Norris, you know - the agent from whom you rented this house - well Dan and I have been friends for years and . well he was worried about you living out here all by yourself and asked me to call with you and make sure that everything was alright".

"Why should Mr. Norris be so worried?" asked Scorsesi, sitting forward. "He has hardly seen me".

Shumann sighed. "It's this house" he replied "It has an .... unhappy history. I attended the last Mercer to live in it - oh about twenty or thirty years ago and, well, I guess I've seen what it can do to people. Dan knows about it too - he sorted out the legal niceties when Saul Mercer took it over. Nobody's lived here since then and ... " he paused uncomfortably, perhaps fearful of being overly superstitious.

"... Just tryin' to be neighbourly, that's all. People can be too easily spooked by old hill stories".

"What happened to Saul Mercer?" asked Scorsesi, suddenly interested.

Shumann shook his head.

"Don't know", he replied, "Nobody does. Just disappeared. Some say that he wandered away into the hollow, I put it down to the books he read - he was an educated man you see, and I suppose you could call him a student of the occult. Read far too many old and strange books. He took an interest in Witches Hollow - like this house it has a queer history, people have vanished there for years, children mostly. Some years ago, the Reece County Sheriff's Office in Ayleebury conducted an investigation into what was happening, but nothing ever came of it. He had an interest in Elijah Dunnock - I expect you've heard of him, old folks round here talk about little else of a night - and claimed he knew what sort of thing the old wizard was supposed to have brought down into the Witches Hollow. As you probably know, the hill people are divided about what lies in the Hollow, some say the ghost of Elijah Dunnock still haunts it, others say that it is the thing which he called down from the stars, others still say that it is a combination of both - that Ole Lijah has been subtly changed by whatever it was that came down and still dwells in Witches Hollow. This is what Saul Mercer was interested in. All a lot of nonsense, I suppose but he believed in it". The doctor smiled but there was something in his face which told Scorsesi that he didn't entirely dismiss the folk tales. "Towards the end, he began to ramble about queer gods and strange places with odd-sounding names", he paused, as if trying to remember, "Bho, Hylusia, T'achnu.

My God man, what's wrong? You've gone a deathly white".

"Those names you've just mentioned" breathed Scorcesi "They - they appear in my novel" Shumann looked worried.

"Are you sure you haven't talked to anyone about Saul Mercer?", he asked. Scorcesi nodded. The doctor shrugged but looked uncomfortable.

"Probably a bizarre coincidence. Try to get plenty of rest, that's my advice to you. If you can't sleep at night take one of these". He reached a small container across to Scorcesi, "No more mind you. Well, I'd best be going", he got up. Scorcesi followed him to the door. As he left Shumann suddenly turned and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Look Mr. Scorcesi - Michael - forget what I've said about all this hill talk being nonsense. If I were you I'd pack up and go - get back to the city. I've seen too many queer things in this part of the world to tell you anything different". Away across the swamplands in front of the house a strange bird called shrilly. The doctor smiled.

"But I did mean what I said about your work - really, I'm a great fan. Take care". He crossed to his car and a strange wind shook some nearby bushes.

"Dr. Shumann!" Scorcesi ran across to him. The old man turned in the act of getting into the car. "Tell me Doctor, have you ever heard of the name Goggo Normo or anything about a moon with a thousand faces?". It seemed that, just for a second, a look of utter terror crossed the doctor's face, then he regained his normal composure.

"Where did you hear that?" he asked. Scorcesi shrugged.

"Oh, just some old hill-talk at Hogue's store". He lied, unwilling to share with the doctor the evidence of the diary notes. Shumann looked at him oddly for a moment, then seemed to give the question some consideration. In the swamps beyond, the strange bird-call sounded again. Shumann nodded to himself.

"Well", he said at length, "I do seem to recall visiting an old woman, who was thought to be a witch, in a cabin at Groaning Rock, up near Bradshaw Mountain, which is about as far into the backhills as I'd care to go. She was dying of some sort of mysterious fever and kept calling out in her delirium to something which she called Goggo Normo, the thousand faced moon. But she was old and mad and suffering from a fever, so who knows what she meant? Old hill folks will tell you that the Wizard Dunnock brought something out of the sky which had that name, but that's only a folk superstition - pay no heed to what you hear in these parts. Now take my advice, get away from here while you can, this is a bad place for a man of your temperament". He got into the car and started up the engine. "Believe me Mr. Scorcesi, it's no good for you to remain here". He slid the car into gear and moved off. The wind whistled among the low bushes. Scorcesi returned to the gloom of the house.

Perhaps he should go back to the city, he reasoned. His wife would be wondering where he was - perhaps she was even worried about him. People might be searching for him. The wind outside stirred the bushes once more and he dismissed the thought from his mind. Let them all look for him - they only wanted to weigh him down with responsibilities and commitments. Best to stay out of the way until his book was completed - he needed the break from everything. He thought back to the doctor's words - perhaps if he faced the fear, he could in some way conquer it. He decided to go to the cabin in the hollow and look inside it. If anything lurked there, he would confront it and, hopefully, be free of it.

### TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE

#### THE H. P. LOVECRAFT CHECKLIST OF FICTION ERRATA LIST

The following mistakes all managed to creep into Peter F. Jeffery's article in the last issue. The fault lies with the editor and not Peter. I hope that this errata list helps sort out any problems that may have arisen.

3) For "Antient" read Ancient

13) Add note s

29) Add \* to notes g and r, and to reference J3

30) For "Suberb" read "suburb"

63) For "Psychopopus" read "Psychopompos"

97) For "H10" read "H9"

102) For "dsw" read "gsw"

113) For "Alonzor" read "Alonzo"



# The Acolyte

—by Sandy Petersen—

Welcome to the first installment of The Acolyte. Those of you so crass as not to recognise my name should consult the title page of the sacred 'Call of Cthulhu' rule-book. See me there? That's my claim to fame.

So how did my name get there? When I was in grammar school, I came across an ancient tattered book of forgotten lore in my father's library. This book purported to be printed on specially-made paper for use of Our Boys Overseas (it was produced during World War II, you see). I took it to bed with me and read one of the stories. It was "The Outsider", as I recall. Though I didn't understand it (after all I was only 10 years old) the story fascinated me. At the third reading though I realised that the narrator had touched a MIRROR, and was totally blown away. I quickly followed by reading "Pickman's Model" and "The Music of Erich Zann", and so on to "The Dunwich Horror" and "The Call of Cthulhu".

That was that. After that collection I was an HPL fanatic. But it was hard to be much of a fanatic when that was the only HPL available. Anywhere. When I was 15, the local university was kind enough to permit me a library card. In that library I found Lovecraft's hallowed works - "The Outsider and Others" and others. I didn't realise how lucky I was. The library hadn't yet realised the value of those books, so I checked them out freely. The year after I graduated from high school, the library realised its mistake and put those books into a special locked case where they have remained inaccessible ever since.

I discovered other horror writers such as Frank Belknap Long, Clark Ashton Smith, and August Derleth through Lovecraft. I wasn't able to get my very own copies of Lovecraft till my senior year at high school, when Ballantine released him in paperback with absolutely embarrassing artwork.

So that's how I became an acolyte of Lovecraft's. Now on to how I became a gamer and ultimately melded Lovecraft and gaming together.

I've been a gamer as long as I can remember. I started out with Risk and Clue in grammar school and progressed to Avalon Hill by junior high. I discovered D&D in 1974. No one else around played it, and I and my small coterie of friends had to figure it all by ourselves. When other, more sophisticated, games came along, we tried them, too. In 1978, we bought the original RuneQuest. At first, we played RuneQuest and D&D about equally. D&D gradually shrank in importance as RuneQuest grew until in a year, we didn't play D&D at all.

In 1980, my friend Steve Marsh talked me into writing to Greg Stafford, president of the Chaosium. I sent him some monstrous ideas, along with a RuneQuest cult. The cult was published in Different Worlds magazine and I was paid 24 dollars. Wow! I'd never gotten paid for anything I wrote before. Not only that, Greg suggested that I fill a book with monster ideas. Thus was born Gateway Bestiary, my first professional venture.

In October 1980, I asked Greg Stafford if he would be interested in a RuneQuest supplement/guide to Lovecraft's Dreamlands. He wrote back to say that Chaosium had hired a fellow to write a Lovecraftian horror game - the real thing, not just a RuneQuest supp. I begged to be permitted to help in the project in any way possible. At least to let me see the project. And Greg's reply was, in essence, "We're not happy with the way the game is turning out. Would you like to do the whole thing yourself?" And dumped it all in my lap. I was happy as a shoggoth at a piccolo convention.

A year of heartbreak later, Call of Cthulhu was published. It was released November, Friday 13th, during the worst thunderstorm northern California had had in decades. So I knew that someone knew what was going on.

From there I hurtled down the toboggan of reverse evolution until now I spend most of my waking hours designing games and scenarios.

There. That's quite enough of autobiography. I promise not to discuss such sordid things in the future.

So we now leave the past and move on towards the future. In October, Chaosium released

the first solo Cthulhu supplement: Alone Against the Wendigo. Last December we released the second: Alone Against the Dark.

In February 1986 comes Terror From the Stars, a short supplement containing 2-3 scenarios and a big fold-out map of the world showing every single place that Chaosium has placed a scenario.

In April 1986 we plan to release The Dreamlands, a boxed supplement with complete rules, maps, gazetteer, and scenarios for playing in Lovecraft's Dreamlands. So we come full circle. I started out trying to get the Dreamlands into print. And now, Dreamlands is the 11th Chaosium Call of Cthulhu supplement.

I've been led to understand that Chaosium's releases don't make it to England until months after they've been available elsewhere. A scandal and a shame.

Now that the mighty Games Workshop is publishing some of their own supplements, starting with Trail of the Loathsome Slime, perhaps you over there in perfidious Albion will get scenarios more regularly. And I personally peruse and approve every single scenario that Games Workshop intends to publish (except those in White Dwarf). So if they're great, praise Games Workshop. If they stink, blame me - I could have prevented their publication.

Oh yes. If anyone wants to write to me personally, be sure to include a couple of international postal coupons. The address is:-

Sandy Peterson, c/o Chaosium Inc. PO Box 6302, Albany, CA 94706, USA.

Yog-Sothoth Nebled Zin,

Sandy Peterson

## RE-ANIMATOR

reviewed by Carl Ford.

Credits: Starring Bruce Abbott, Barbara Crampton, David Gale, Robert Sampson and Jeffrey Combs as Herbert West. Produced by Brian Yuzna. Directed by Stuart Gordon.

For interested readers, Reanimator surfaced for a special showing at the NFT as part of the British Film Year celebrations in its UN-CUT form. When the film finally makes the rounds over here in mid-Jan, the film will, I can assure you be but a mere shadow of its former self.

Without doubt Reanimator is the most violent exploitation horror flick that I have ever seen - and I can say I enjoyed every minute of it. Why? Because, the film doesn't take itself seriously. The whole film is made with an element of humour so black that you couldn't find your way with a torch. The cast put in an excellent performance, most notably Jeffrey Combs in the title role. The gore is totally over the top, buckets of blood drench almost all the sets and humour fills the screen. The pair go hand in hand - and you won't see another movie like this one for some time.

The film is set in modern times, but the setting is still Arkham and the Miskatonic University. The film tends to include 'bits' from all the Lovecraft 'west' tales and manages to blend them together into one big monster quite nicely. Some of Lovecraft's more humorous lines are here incorporated, for maximum laughs. Such as the scene where West injects the corpse of Dr. Allan Halsey with the re-animation fluid and goes out of control until it is stopped in its tracks by Herbert - "Damn it, it wasn't quite fresh enough!"

The version I saw went un-rated in the States - a move usually reserved for extremely hard-core porn flicks, not since 'Dawn of the Dead' has a horror movie made this bold move. However, over here, the distributors have no choice, either the film goes before the censors board, or it doesn't get a release. This means that the little scene I reported of, a couple of issues ago, involving a severed head and an unconscious girl doesn't make it into the UK print. Probably a relief for most ardent Lovecraft fans, but a definite boo for readers with a sick mind. I can see other problems involved with the final scene where the reanimated (and headless) body of Dr. Hill explodes, whilst trying to kill West. The special effects are great, when given the budget of the production. But I am warning you, this film is violent, readers who support the laws of censorship in films of this nature will definitely not approve, neither will stick-in-the-mud HFL readers. But for those of you who like a horror movie that doesn't pull its punches - may I recommend Reanimator, I foresee a strong cult following for this one!

# A Checklist of H. P. Lovecraft's Fiction part 2

by Peter F. Jeffery

D Letters including fantasies, plot outlines, accounts of dreams etc.

- 139 (19) Nov. 16, 1916. Rheinhardt Kleiner. Of night gaunts. m y C5 D3
- 140 (34) May 15, 1918. Maurice W. Moe. Dream of a strange city. y C5 D3
- 141 (58) Dec. 11, 1919. The Callomo (Alfred Galpin & Maurice W. Moe). Dream basis of The Statement of Randolph Carter. C5 D3
- 142 (59) Dec. 27, 1919. Rheinhardt Kleiner. Mystery in East Side Lodging. Outline of horror story. D3
- 143 (60) Jan. 1920. The Callomo. Dream of Lovecraft as an army surgeon. D3
- 144 (66) May 21, 1920. Rheinhardt Kleiner. Dream origin of The Call of Cthulhu. m y C5 D3
- 145 (94) Dec. 14, 1921. Rheinhardt Kleiner. Nyarlathotep. m y C5 D3
- 146 (303) Nov. 1927. Bernard Austin Dwyer. Lovecraft's Roman Dream. C5 D5
- 147 (306) Nov. 1927. Donald Wandrei. The Thing in the Moonlight dream. C5 D5
- 148 (307) Nov. 1927. Clark Ashton Smith. The Necronomicon. m D5
- 149 (308) Dec. 1927. Frank Belknap Long. On fictionalising Lovecraft's Roman Dream. Partially fictitious HPL genealogy. D5
- 150 (315) Jan. 1928. Bernard Austin Dwyer. On fictionalising the Roman Dream. D5
- 151 (371) Sept. 16, 1929. Elizabeth Toldridge. Outline of story of forgotten Roman colony in America. D7
- 152 (-) Nov. 19, 1929. Clark Ashton Smith. Dreaming one of the Fungi from Yuggoth. m C5
- 153 (387) Dec. 19, 1929. Clark Ashton Smith. Outline of an interplanetary story. i D7
- 154 (421) Aug. 14, 1930. Robert E. Howard. Cthulhu myth-cycle. m D7
- 155 (429) Oct. 7, 1930. Clark Ashton Smith. On receiving a sculpture from Clark Ashton Smith. D7
- 156 (440) Nov. 11, 1930. Clark Ashton Smith. Story line precursing The Shadow Out of Time. D7
- 157 (441) Nov. 18, 1930. Clark Ashton Smith. Story lines concerning time travel & Antarctica - The Necronomicon - Smith's sculpture. m D7
- 158 (449) Dec. 25, 1930. Clark Ashton Smith. Smith's carving. D7
- 159 (462) Feb. 8, 1931. Clark Ashton Smith. Idea for a daemon tale. D7
- 160 (-) Dec. 1931. Clark Ashton Smith. More of the sculpture. C5
- 161 (-) Dec. 1931. Clark Ashton Smith. The sculpture C5
- 162 (-) Dec. 24, 1931. Clark Ashton Smith. The sculpture again. C5
- 163 (519) Jan. 2, 1932. August Derleth. Derleth as a decomposing corpse. h D9
- 164 (-) Jan. 16, 1932. Clark Ashton Smith. The sculpture. C5
- 165 (-) Jan. 28, 1932. Clark Ashton Smith. The sculpture. C5
- 166 (-) Feb. 8, 1932. Clark Ashton Smith. The sculpture. C5
- 167 (533) Mar. 2, 1932. Clark Ashton Smith. Story idea anticipating The Shadow Out of Time. D9
- 168 (588) Dec. 20, 1932. E. Hoffman Price. His search for Zemyrad in forbidden books. m D9
- 169 (609) Mar 24, 1933. E. Hoffman Price. Jules de Grandin parody. h D9
- 170 (617) Apr. 27, 1933. James F. Morton. Genealogy linking HPL with the Old Ones. m D9
- 171 (622) May. 31, 1933. Clark Ashton Smith. The sculpture
- 172 (627) June. 14, 1933. Clark Ashton Smith. The sculpture. C5 D9
- 173 (630) June. 29, 1933. Clark Ashton Smith. The sculpture. C5 D9
- 174 (645) Sept. 1933. Robert Bloch. A daemonic dream. D9
- 175 (652) Oct. 3, 1933. Clark Ashton Smith. The same dream as 174. y C5 D9
- 176 (654) Oct. 6, 1933. James F. Morton. Formation of the Kappa Alpha Tau, a fraternity of cats. D9
- 177 (658) Oct. 22, 1933. Clark Ashton Smith. Dream origin of The Shadow Out of Time. y C5 D9
- 178 (666) Nov. 13, 1933. Clark Ashton Smith. A dream of 'a coven of hellish daemon-olaters'. D9
- 179 (669) Nov. 18, 1933. Clark Ashton Smith. Averroigne and a suggested storyline. D9
- 180 (673) Nov. 29, 1933. Clark Ashton Smith. Two dreams. z C5 D9
- 181 (674) Dec. 13, 1933. Clark Ashton Smith. Averroigne. D9

- 182 (682) Feb. 4, 1934. J. Vernon Shea. Dream about time travel and waking or dreaming about waking. D9
- 183 (685) Feb. 11, 1934. Clark Ashton Smith. Feline folklore of Averroigne - Kappa Alpha Tau. D9
- 184 (693) Mar. 28, 1934. James F. Morton. Outline of a mineralogical detective story. D9
- 185 (706) June 17, 1934. Duane Rimel. On dreams. C5 D9
- 186 (725) Sept. 12, 1934. Duane Rimel. Two variant plot suggestions for H. S. Whitehead's *Cassius*. D10
- 187 (-) Dec. 11, 1934. The Gallomo. Includes three dreams HPL intended to expand into stories. C5
- 188 (748) Jan. 25, 1935. Robert Bloch. A fragment from Ludwig Prinn's *De Vernis Mysteriis*. m D10
- 189 (758) Mar. 1935. Clark Ashton Smith. Fragment from the *Eltdown Shards*. m D10
- 190 (774) Apr. 20, 1935. Robert H. Barlow. Dream involving Benjamin Franklin. y C5 D10
- 191 (780) Apr. 30, 1935. Robert Bloch. Permission to annihilate Lovecraft. h D10
- 192 (783) May 11, 1935. Robert H. Barlow. Dream of an insect attack. y C5 D10
- 193 (826) Feb. 13, 1936. Richard F. Searight. Provenance of the *Phakotic Manuscripts*. m D10
- 194 (839) Apr. 17, 1936. Miss M. F. Bonner. Kappa Alpha Tau Stationery. D10
- 195 (840) Apr. 26, 1936. Miss M. F. Bonner. Proceedings of Kappa Alpha Tau. D10
- 196 (841) May, 1936. Miss M. F. Bonner. Departure of two former KAT officials. D10
- 197 (858) June 20, 1936. William Lumley. Dream of Black Cat City. C5 D10
- 198 (871) Aug. 14, 1936. Willis Conover. The Ghoul Nigral. m D10 F7
- 199 (874) Aug. 29, 1936. Willis Conover. Of Yog-Sothoth. m D10 F4
- 200 (875) Sept. 1, 1936. Willis Conover. Of Yog-Sothoth and his family. m D10 F4
- 201 (877) Sept. 23, 1936. Willis Conover. Preferences in human flesh. h D10 F4
- 202 (888) Oct. 24, 1936. Virgil Finlay. Nightgaunts. m z D10 C5
- 203 (902) Nov. 30, 1936. Henry Kuttner. Ominous disappearance of Henry Kuttner. h D10
- 204 (906) Dec. 9, 1936. Miss M. F. Bonner. Proceedings of KAT. D10
- 205 (910) Dec. 19, 1936. Fritz Leiber. KAT. D10
- 206 (916) Jan. 25, 1937. Fritz Leiber. Mythical worlds conceived by Howard & Smith. D10
- 207 (923) Feb. 15, 1937. Frank Upatel. Vampire flesh as a gastronomic delicacy. h D10

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- A1. *The Shunned House*. Driftwind Press, 1928.
2. *The Cats of Ulthar*. Dragonfly Press, 1935.
3. *History and Chronology of the Necronomicon*. Rebel Press, 1936.
4. *The Shadow over Innsmouth*. Visionary Press, 1936.
- B. The original Arkham House collections.
- B1. *The Outsider and Others*. 1939.
2. *Beyond the Wall of Sleep*, 1943.
- C. Intermediate Arkham House collections, 1944-1967.
- C1. *Marginalia*, 1944.
2. *Something About Cats and other pieces*, 1949.
3. *The Survivor and others*, 1957.
4. *The Shuttered Room and other pieces*, 1959.
5. *Dreams and Fancies*, 1962.
6. *Collected Poems*, 1963
7. *The Dark Brotherhood and other pieces*, 1966.
8. *Three Tales of Horror*, 1967.
- D. The Arkham House uniform edition of Lovecraft's works.
- D1. *The Dunwich Horror and others*, 1963.
2. *At the Mountains of Madness*
3. *Selected Letters: I (1911-1924)*, 1965
4. *Dagon and other macabre tales*, 1965.
5. *Selected Letters II (1925-1929)* 1968.

- D6. The Horror in the Museum and other revisions, 1970.
  7. Selected Letters III, (1929-1931), 1971.
  8. The Watchers Out Of Time and others, 1974.
  9. Selected Letters IV (1932-1934), 1976.
  10. Selected Letters V (1934-1937), 1976.
- E. Other Arkham House editions.
- E1. H.P. Lovecraft & August Derleth. The Lurker at the Threshold, 1945.
  2. Henry S. Whitehead. West India Lights, 1946.
  3. Frank Belknap Long. The Horror from the Hills, 1963.
  4. The Arkham Collector No.4, 1969.
  5. August Derleth, (ed.), Dark Things, 1971.
  6. J. Ramsey Campbell (ed.), New Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos, 1980.
- F. Some other useful or important American editions.
- F1. Frank Belknap Long. Odd Science Fiction. Belmont Books, 1964.
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  10. Cthulhu Companion. Chaosium, 1983.
- G. Gollancz Editions of Lovecraft.
- G1. The Haunter of the Dark and other tales of horror, 1951.
  2. The Case of Charles Dexter Ward, 1952.
  3. At the Mountains of Madness and other novels, 1967.
  4. Dagon and other macabre tales, 1967.
  5. The Shadow Out of Time and other tales of horror, 1968.
  6. The Lurker at the Threshold, 1968.
- H. Panther Editions of Lovecraft 1963-1975.
- H1. The Haunter of the Dark and other tales of terror, 1963.
  2. The Case of Charles Dexter Ward, 1963.
  3. The Lurking Fear and other stories, 1964.
  4. At the Mountains of Madness and other novels of terror, 1968.
  5. Dagon and other macabre tales, 1969.
  6. The Tomb and other tales, 1969.
  7. The Shuttered Room and other tales of horror, 1970.
  8. The Lurker at the Threshold, 1970.
  9. The Horror at the Museum and other tales, 1975.
  10. The Horror in the Burying Ground and other tales, 1975.
- I. Grenada Editions of Lovecraft. 1985.
- I1. The H.P. Lovecraft Omnibus I. At the Mountains of Madness.
  2. The H.P. Lovecraft Omnibus II. Dagon and other macabre tales.
  3. The H.P. Lovecraft Omnibus III. The Haunter of the Dark.
- J. Other British Editions.
- J1. H.P. Lovecraft & August Derleth. The Lurker at the Threshold. Museum Press, 1948.
  2. H.P. Lovecraft. Cry Horror! World Distributors, 1959.
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  5. August Derleth (ed.). Travellers by Night. Gollancz, 1968.
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  7. August Derleth (ed.). Over the Edge. Arrow Books, 1976.
  8. Peter Haining (ed.). Tales of Unknown Horror. New English Library, 1978.
- X. No printings known to me.
- X1. But see D3 page 68.
  2. But see F7 page vi.



## NOTES

- a) Included in a list Lovecraft compiled of his own fiction. Sent to Willis Conover (see F4 pages 224-225) and this or a similar list is probably the basis of a chronology of Lovecraft's fiction later compiled by August Derleth.
- b) 'the heart of the mythos' according to the 'Call of Cthulhu' rule
- c) Randolph Carter story.
- d) Dunsanian or dream world fantasy.
- e) mock-essay.
- f) fragment.
- g) published in a professional magazine during Lovecraft's lifetime.
- h) humour.
- i) interplanetary story.
- j) juvenile piece (early tale).
- k) Lovecraft/Derleth revision stories (plus The Horror from the Hills) listed as mythos in Owings & Chalker's Revised H.P. Lovecraft Bibliography (Mirage Press, 1973).
- l) listed as part of the mythos by Lin Carter.
- m) arguably part of the mythos but not listed by k or l above.
- n) novel.
- o) without weird content.
- p) prose poem.
- q) published in an anthology in Lovecraft's lifetime.
- r) published in an amateur magazine in Lovecraft's lifetime.
- s) short story.
- t) tragedy (play).
- u) unfinished novel.
- v) verse.
- w) weird piece - neither Dunsanian nor mythos.
- x) story I have not read.
- y) Selected Letters text of letter includes passages omitted from Dreams and Fancies.
- z) both Selected Letters and Dreams and Fancies texts include passages omitted in the other sources.
- \* excerpts only (J8 text of 'The Challenge from Beyond' - Lovecraft's portion of the story only).

## Principal Secondary Sources Consulted For This List

- 1) Michael Ashley. 'The History of the Science Fiction Magazines'. Part 1. 1926-1935. New English Library, 1977.
- 2) Michael Ashley. 'Who's Who in Horror and Fantasy Fiction'. Elm Tree Books, 1977.
- 3) L. Sprague de Camp. 'Lovecraft. A Biography'. Doubleday, 1975.
- 4) Lin Carter. 'Lovecraft. A Look Behind The Cthulhu Mythos'. Panther Books, 1975.
- 5) Jack L. Chandler. 'Howard Phillips Lovecraft: A Biography'. (included in C7).
- 6) Mark Owings & Irving Binkin. 'A Catalogue of Lovecraftiana. The Grill/Binkin Collection'. Mirage Press, 1975.
- 7) Mark Owings & Jack L. Chalker. 'The Revised H.P. Lovecraft Bibliography'. Mirage Press, 1973.

An Errata list for 'A Checklist of H.P. Lovecraft's Fiction part 1' appears on page 19

# The Red Brain's Trust

ALAN BROOKSEY of Norwich asks, "Lovecraft predicted that our race will be followed by a race of intelligent arachnids. Have his constant references to insects and arachnids come to anyone else's attention and has Lovecraft voiced any personal opinions of these lifeforms?"

The idea that anthropods and some other invertebrates (barnacles, for instance) will survive mankind is not original to Lovecraft. This view was held by the majority of biologists in Lovecraft's day. I think that it still seems probable, but I am no biologist - perhaps a DAGON-reading biologist could throw some light on the matter. Of course, the fact that some of the species surviving mankind might be intelligent is pure speculation, but even this is not original to Lovecraft. The idea is, for example, implicit in H.G. Wells' *THE EMPIRE OF THE ANTS* (book publication 1895) which deals with the emergence of an intelligent race of ants which would, almost certainly, succeed mankind. (This should not be confused with the awful film of the same name). Since these creatures are supposed to follow mankind and would, inevitably, have extremely alien thought processes, they have not been the subject of much fiction. There should not be human observers of their history and it would be extremely difficult for writers (or their readers) to put themselves in the place of intelligent spiders or the like. One of the few stories of which I am aware to concern such creatures is *THE LAST MEN* by Frank Belknap Long (first appeared in 1934 in *ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION*). However, this departs from Lovecraft's model of the future in making man contemporary with intelligent insects. It is also biologically absurd in making the insects much too large. It is not possible for anthropods subject to the earth's gravity to much exceed the size of the largest present-day species of such creatures. A man-sized insect (or in Long's story even bigger!) would be crushed by the weight of its own exoskeleton. One should not, therefore, imagine Lovecraft's arachnids as being larger than the biggest of present-day spiders. Another story by one of Lovecraft's friends - *THE RED BRAIN* by Donald Wandrei (first published 1927 in *WEIRD TALES*) - is set in a future even more remote where intelligent life-forms are just brains. As to Lovecraft's attitude to these creatures of the future, there is no real evidence that he regarded them with more than scientific detachment; though I suspect he smiled to think of people recoiling in horror at the thought of their descendants being overtaken on the evolutionary ladder by the descendants of the spiders in their baths! (Ugh!)

ANDY BENNISON of Bamber Bridge asks, "Did H.P.L. have a sense of humour?"

Yes. The image Lovecraft frequently projected of himself, and one which is all too often seen as the real Lovecraft, of a rather dour old stuffed shirt is, curiously enough, a product of Lovecraft's sense of humour. Lovecraft had a considerable gift for parody and he included himself amongst the butts of this gift - signing his letters as "grandpa" and so on. Lovecraft produced a fair quantity of overtly humorous writing, much of which takes the form of parody, but little of which is - unfortunately - easily available. Three examples which spring immediately to mind are *COLLAPSING COSMOSSES* (jointly written with Robert Barlow) which mocks the science fiction of the day, *WASTE PAPER*, Lovecraft's parody of T.S. Eliot's *THE WASTE LAND*, and the spoof of the Jules de Grandin stories Lovecraft sent to E. Hoffman Price (letter no. 609, dated March 24, 1933).. Those who incurred Lovecraft's wrath in the world of amateur journalism found that his wit could be very sharp indeed, as in the case of Charles C. Heuman (H.P.L.'s victim in *LOOKING BACKWARDS*) and Ida C. Haughton (treated without mercy in *MEDUSA: A PORTRAIT*). Also much of Lovecraft's "serious" fiction seems to have been written very much tongue in cheek. The construction of the mythos in Lovecraft's lifetime contained a good many "in jokes" between the various contributing authors, as well as an element of joking at the expense of any readers who might start to be taken in by something that assumed the proportions of an elaborate hoax. The joke element in the mythos is, perhaps, best seen in the exchange of stories between Lovecraft and Bloch where, in *THE SHAMBLER FROM THE STARS*, Bloch annihilates Lovecraft (having previously sought his permission to do so); Lovecraft had his revenge in *THE HAUNTER OF THE DARK*, while Bloch had the final word in *THE SHADOW FROM THE STREEPLE*. Given that H.P.L. was not one of the greatest of comic writers, his works abound in fun poked at his friends, at those with whom he disagreed, at his readers and, above all, himself.

DES LEWIS of Coulsdon asks, "Does H. P. Lovecraft mention insurance or pension schemes in any of his writings (fiction or otherwise)?"

None that I have read, as far as I can recall. However, his remarks on the burglary of which he was the victim in May, 1925 seem to imply that he was not insured (see SELECTED LETTERS II - letters 164-187).

NICK EDWARDS of Bristol asks, "Does the Necronomicon actually exist? I always thought that Lovecraft read the book and based his fiction on the things he read about. Have you any idea where I could buy a copy of it?"

The answer to this is that it didn't exist in Lovecraft's day, but it does now. According to Lovecraft's own account (see, for example, SOME NOTES ON A NONENTITY) he read the ARABIAN KNIGHTS at the age of five, and then spent hours playing Arabs, calling himself Abdul Alhazred, which a grown up had suggested as a suitable name. Abdul Alhazred then submerged for a quarter of a century until 1921 when H.P.L. wanted an author for the "inexplicable couplet" in the NAMELESS CITY. This concerned what dwelt in the nameless city, located in Arabia, so Abdul must have seemed a suitable author. Lovecraft had not yet, however, invented the title of his work - that came in 1922 with THE HOUND. It seemed that Lovecraft intended NECRONOMICON to mean "Book of the Name of the Dead" (no doubt useful to grave-robbers in THE HOUND) but, on checking, he found that it meant "The Book of Dead Names", which fitted strangely well with the couplet in THE NAMELESS CITY. Whatever the meaning, the name of the abominable book had just the right sound, and it is not surprising that Lovecraft continued to refer to the NECRONOMICON. He borrowed the idea of a book that sent its readers mad from Robert Chambers' THE KING IN YELLOW, and the NECRONOMICON became everything that a forbidden book truly ought to be. Other writers in Lovecraft's circle referred to Abdul Alhazred's tome; WEIRD TALES readers wrote to the EYRIE (W.T.'s letters page) claiming to have seen copies, and the book seemed to take on a life of its own. Jokers forged library catalogue cards for it and smuggled them into catalogues; it appeared in at least one bookseller's catalogue - but still it did not truly exist. The Mirage Press claimed that something called THE STONE OF MNAR - a chapter from the NECRONOMICON - by Lin Carter was forthcoming, but, as far as I know, this never actually appeared ((1)). However, during the 1970's, at least four volumes claiming to be the NECRONOMICON were published. The first of these was a coffee table book, written in an imaginary script with a number of the pages repeated several times. It was titled AL AZIF (THE NECRONOMICON) and was published by Owlswick Press. I have not seen a copy, but it doesn't seem to have provoked much praise amongst those who have. A second "artistic" NECRONOMICON was H. R. Giger's NECRONOMICON, Sphinx Verlag, Basle (1977). Again, I have not seen a copy, but have heard better reports of it. I have seen "Excerpts from the Necronomicon" by Phillipe Druillet which appeared in the special H. P. Lovecraft issue of HEAVY METAL (October 1979) and find it pleasing. None of these actually provide a readable NECRONOMICON text - this was attempted in THE NECRONOMICON introduced by Colin Wilson, edited by George Hay and researched by Robert Turner and David Langford (Neville Spearman, 1978). An alternative English text for the eldritch tome is provided by NECRONOMICON, edited by Simon, published in 1977, Schlangekraft Inc./ Barnes Graphic Inc., and in 1980 as a paperback by Avon Books (reprinted more than once since). I think that this last named version is probably the only one still in print, but I don't know who (if anyone) distributes it in this country. Perhaps a knowledgeable DAGON reader could enlighten me on this matter). Personally, I think that these attempts to impose an English text for the NECRONOMICON are a mistake, since whatever they contain is bound to be a disappointment. How could anyone actually write anything that lived up to what Lovecraft tells us of this eldritch tome? Even if its author could really compose something that would actually cost readers their sanity, it might be better if he didn't write it. Even if he did compose the thing, I doubt whether the text would be very reliable with the publisher, typesetters and proof readers all gibbering and frothing at the mouth in an asylum!

Questions relating to H. P. Lovecraft, the Cthulhu Mythos and Horror Fiction in general are most welcome for possible inclusion in The Red Brain's Trust. Please address all mail relating to this column to:- Peter F. Jeffery, 21 Church Avenue, Leicester LE3 6AJ

#### Editor's notes:

1) In fact the tale, or excerpt, entitled THE STONE OF MNAR has just appeared for the first time and printed in the 36th edition of CRYPT OF CTHULHU, Dec 85. - CTF.

# Shoggoths don't kill people, Guns do!

by Mark Morrison

The great aspect which sets Cthulhu apart from other RFG's is the atmosphere of mounting dread and hopelessness; if these can be accentuated, the game becomes a much memorable (and terminal) experience for all involved. However, if your players insist on packing sub-machine guns, grenades and chainsaws then this tends to be lost in the shrapnel. Consequently, I proffer the following undemocratic ideas on gun control for your trigger-happy investigators.

The easiest way to prevent the players having guns is to refuse to allow them to have them; this is known as the "Tough Shit" policy. It is effective, but unpopular (but then again, who cares?).

There is of course a slightly more realistic approach, whilst still maintaining a fair degree of control over their arsenals. Do not allow the players to purchase firearms straight from the book; make them first apply (through the Keeper, of course!) for a gun license. In order to obtain one the individual must supply details as to name, age, address, occupation, proof of U.S. citizenship, and the reason for bearing the firearm; hence in game terms use the skill Credit Rating, in which the average beginning player has bugger-all chance anyway. Allow them to try again every few adventures, not every half-hour. Allow no player to have a starting skill above Base Chance with any kind of weapon unless he can justify it on the basis of the personality of the character (but even then be wary). If you use the above ideas then rest assured that guns will be few, far between, and horrifically inaccurate.

The next way to limit guns is on the basis of roleplaying; in order for the character to even think about buying one, the player must prove to you that this is in keeping with his persona - remember, Investigators are on the whole gentle, sch people - HPL certainly never shot anyone. If a player does have a gunwielding character, then make sure that the next one that player rolls up (which will be fairly soon if you use some of the ideas below) is not a gun freak; in this way the player will learn to think of other ways to copewith dangerous situations, apart from pulling the trigger; each character will have his or her own way of reacting, rather than the player presiding over a faceless stream of gun-toting psychopaths. Pressure in the form of roleplaying may come from within the party for the guns to be dropped, tired of getting their ears shot off by dangerous friends. Finally, there is always good ol' insanity, in which waving a pistol in the presence of a ballistophobiac can become definately hazardous to the health of the gunman!

The best option is to make guns bloody dangerous. This is simple - devise your own formulae as to the probability of the Investigator hitting something other than the intended target - the bullet has to hit somewhere. There are hundreds of possibilities here; you could devise a set chance (say rolls of 96-00) for shooting another member or one's own foot; make gross and extreme judgements on what gets hit if the monster isn't (good choices include fuel tanks, lanterns, policemen, manhole covers - ricochet! - and zeppelins, particularly whilst airborne in one). In extremes, make the player roll for every missed shot to see if they hit someone. Soon enough they will get the hint and save their futilities for the rifle range, not just every time a twig snaps (don't laugh, I know of a player who once put six shots into a tree). I was also part of a party which once effectively wiped itself out with its own gunfire.

Guns are also extremely inconvenient - when fired, they tend to go BANG! unless they jam. This means that they are useless in any suburban environment ("Shooting at monsters, eh? Little green ones? Blow into this bag, punk.") They also tend to ricochet leave bullet holes, etc. They cannot be carried without provoking arrest or at least suspicion, something which any surreptitious Investigator can do without. Simply, if they insist on dragging their lethal hardware around, make life tough.

The next way of dealing with guns is to get rid of them during the game, and there are thousands of ways of doing this; lost going through customs; confiscated by the local constabulary; accidentally dropped off the side of a ship; thrown away by a gangster; and (my favourite) bent by an attacking monster or spell (just watch their expression!).

There are also many forms of dealing death and destruction in apocalyptic proportions: dynamite, grenades, howitzers, etc. The suggestion here is that you deal such toys out according to the needs of the scenario - if you intend the players to dest-

roy the standing stonee then give them something to do it with, they can't very well bite it down to ground level. Make the means available and then retract it just as quickly when the scenario is over. For example, an archaeologist in my campaign asked for explosives for use on digs, etc.; fair enough, so I gave it to her, and over the next few adventures it was successfully used to demolish various blasphemous structures. However, in the next scenario I was stunned when this genteel ecientist suddenly started lighting gelignite and pitching it at zombies! (Yarrggghhhh! I responded with a 10 point Shrivelling, of course). Despite all the mega-destructive implements available, any self-respecting Investigator can usually make do with a large can of gasoline, a trail of flash powder and a cigar (answering the question, how do you make a Deep One go woof?).

So, those are my thoughts on cutting down on your players' destructive capacity. If they ignore you and still insist on playing mean and toe-to-tosing it with eldritch horrors, then just cast a lengthy sigh and casually wipe them out; this will end the campaign, but such players are probably better off doing something educational, like watching "The A-Team" (roll San...).

I admit that I have been a bit over-reactionary, but the fact remains that if the guns are no longer the only solution, the players will become more inventive in their foil g of That From Beyond - which means that in the long run they get more out of the game too. How can anyone achieve atmosphere and suspense with the etench of cordite hanging over everything?

The last word: guns don't always work....

*He shone his feeble torch towards the tombstones, fingering the trigger of his trusty handgun nervously. The wind stirred, swirling the dead leaves around in a frenzy of motion. Then there came another sound - a low chuckling, directly behind him. He span around and dropped to a firing position.*

*It stood there in the moonlight, casually leaning on a gravestone, chewing on a nameless piece of flesh. Slowly, ever so slowly it uncurled its hand and extended its talons and tensed, ready to spring. Even as his mind went numb with the horror, he heard its mocking words:*

*"That's a .44 Magnum, the most powerful handgun in the world... now, I may or may not be immune to gunfire. Are you feeling lucky, punk?"*



# Cthulhoid Tales of Terror

back after the break, here are issues 21-30 in my listing of favourite mythos tales..

21) 'The Second Wish' by Brian Lumley for 'New Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos' A.H. 1990. Harry and his wealthy girlfriend are on holiday in Hungary, where they stumble across an old ruined church, shunned by the locals and inhabited by an ancient monk. In his library texts abound, connected with unholy matters - but this is nothing compared to the horrendous mummified body of a priestess. It is said that if one makes a wish whilst holding the mummified hand of the dead woman, one's wishes come true. Harry decides to test out the legend - and the results are gruesome! *Good.*

22) 'From the Deep' by Gregory E. Nicoll, for 'From the Deep and Beyond' published by Steelar Z. Productions 1976. This first in a trilogy of tales introduces us to Alfred Marion Monroe and George Eliot Nesmith, two intrepid investigators of arcane lore. Charles DeMontagnia has recently died and in his collection of rare and esoteric items are two that remain priceless - an arcane tome entitled 'Les Enfants du Poisson' and an illustration of a monstrous half-man, half-shark - a member of a race known as the Raandeese. DeMontagnia protected his home with a weird spell which proved to be a deterrent against the sharkmen - now he has died the Raandeese are after the book and sketch, only the two investigators can still stop them.

23) 'The Hammerhead Horror' by Gregory E. Nicoll, (same as above). The second tale concerning Nesmith and Monroe and the Raandeese, finds the investigators in search of the mysterious origins of weird sounds emanating from "The Devil's Pipe Organ" a strange rock formation in the sea, which teems with sharks. All investigations on the rock have so far failed as the shark infested waters prove too dangerous for divers. The occultists discover that the 'Devil's Pipe Organ' is in fact a temple given over to worship of the dreaded Raandali-B'nk, god of the Raandeese.

24) 'The Night the Dolphin Went Down' by Gregory E. Nicoll, (same as above). The final tale in the trilogy finds the investigators searching for lost gold and brings them into contact with Pablo Dortezo a descendant of Captain Hernando Dortezo whose ship was lost in the Devil's Triangle during the year 1750. Boarding their ship - The Dolphin the team set off in search of the gold. Where at last they come face to face with the dreaded Raandali-B'nk.

25) 'The Shambler From the Stars' by Robert Bloch for Weird Tales, Sept. 1935. This is the tale in which Bloch used Lovecraft as the main character, seeking and being granted permission to "portray, murder, annihilate, disintegrate, transfigure, metamorphose or otherwise manhandle" Lovecraft in whatever way Bloch liked. The tale also features more details concerning De Vermis Mysteriis and introduces the vampiric Star Shamblers of the title.

26) 'The Philosopher's Stone' by Colin Wilson. Crown Publishers, 1971. (Reprinted by Panther in 1974 (UK)). Howard Newman, is a scientist who is shunned by other researchers. He believes in the legends of Mu, and other lost lands. Together with a fellow scientist, Newman devises a simple brain operation which heightens mental capabilities and psychic awareness. However once they decide to put their theories into practise - they each undergo the treatment - they get more than they bargained for. Coming into contact with horrors, never before dreamed of, involving the return of the Great Old Ones themselves. Wilson's best novel!

27) 'The Terrible Parchment' by Manly Wade Wellman. HPL edited and published by Meade and Penny Frierson (1972?). A tongue-in-cheek tale concerning a parchment found in one reader's copy of Weird Tales. It turns out that the parchment is in fact a page from the Necronomicon, or 'Nekponomikon' as the text reads. As the page is deciphered, the inevitable happens - the pages contain a spell - luckily the narrator realises what will happen in the nick of time and burns the thing to dust. Only a short piece - but great fun.

28) 'Pulptime' by Peter Cannon, Weirdbook Press 1984. Nothing to do with the mythos actually, but one which I'll include here for want of a better place to tell you of

Continued on page 39.

## BLACK MAIL

((To open this issue's Black Mail let us return to the subject of John Dee's infamous Necronomicon .....))

Rik Shepherd, Cheshire.

I was going to mention this sometime so I'd better get it out of the way asap. - you guessed, the comments on the Necronomicon article. Marc Gascoigne is right, of course, but not everyone has read George Hay's spoof Necronomicon, so I thought the contents would be of interest (I originally took them out of the book for my personal reference to those who haven't I believe the book is now out of print. Richard Mumford is himself blackening Dee's name; I can find no reference anywhere to his being burnt as a witch - he was imprisoned on suspicion in 1555, but released, and he died, to quote the Chambers Biographical Dictionary "wretchedly poor" and was buried in Mortlake church; hardly the death of a condemned warlock. Anyway, it was Lovecraft who claimed Dr. Dee penned a Necronomicon in the first place. 007 - I wouldn't invent anything as stupid as this. The logic of the number is that 00 represent his eyes, and 7, in numerology symbolises mystery and the occult. Edward Kelly was indeed a charlatan and a fraud & Dr. Dee would have been much better off if he'd stuck to mathematics and geography (I missed out reference to Dee's interests in naval matters as they didn't seem pertinent to the Necronomicon oriented base of the article).

Tim Ellis, Leeds.

If Derek Jarman is to be believed investigators could encounter Dr. John Dee themselves maybe showing Queen Elizabeth I through the world of 1927 with the aid of the spirit Ariel (no not the washing powder.... all that will mean nothing if you haven't seen the film Jubilee - it was on the telly recently, & was based on the aforementioned characters in an incredibly Anarchistic 1977)).

(( change of subject matter, I think, here are some ramblings and news from someone you must have heard of))

Brian Lunley, Devon.

Thanks for DAGON 10. It's good to see that the Mythos is not even nearly dead over here in UK. Like Ramsey Campbell, I'm not really into gaming, but I do know of a lot of people who are - And a couple of houses who put out unauthorised stuff too, without permission! I'll get round to speaking to the latter eventually. Someone somewhere owes me some money! Yours is a nice little magazine and I wish it well, and from your readers' comments it seems that there are people who also like the occasional fiction with their scenarios. So maybe they'll like HOUSE OF THE TEMPLE. In Jan. '86, Weirdbook Press in USA is commencing reprinting all my Cthulhu fiction, including 3 new novels set in Lovecraft's dreamlands. Meanwhile I have a handful of copies of THE HOUSE OF CTHULHU left at £5.00 each if any of your readers are interested.... (That's a book of Primal Land tales, many with Mythos connections).

((Was that a little advert there, Brian? No you would never try such a trick would yer? - Reader's wishing to buy a copy can get in touch with DAGON and include an SAE. I also know of quite a lot of other rare mythos tomes available including many rare out of print titles - readers in search of arcane lore will have their letters passed on to the relevant source - don't forget that SAE)).

Dave Perry, Liverpool.

I must congratulate you on the excellent scenario - The Lurker Beneath by Andy Bennis-on. It was the type of scenario, like Paper Chase and Westchester House, where no combat occurred at all, and my players loved it. To tell the truth, I don't usually read the scenarios in Dagon. This is because the crap-scenarios regularly published in a well-known-magazine-that-shall-remain-nameless have put me off all non-Chaosium stuff. Now I'll have to go through all my back issues of Dagon to see if I've missed any other gems. I think Andy should consider sending it to Chaosium.

((So do I.....))

Mark Morrison, Carnegie, Australia.

"The Lurker Beneath" is appallingly brilliant, and an immeasurable improvement on "Arthur Nys"; it is fiendishly clever, and I can just imagine the investigators doing the completely wrong thing; Andy has excelled in all three requirements for a good scenario - plot, characterisation and tension. Thunderous tentacular Australasian applause, yay yay!

Jez Keen, Oxford.

I didn't think much of the scenario this issue. For one thing I have a fundamental objection to a scenario which ends "Even if characters die..." - but then that's a sort of hobby-horse I suppose. Another thing I wondered was whether the scenario actually gained anything from the map and description of the vicarage. Would Keepers really be lost without them? Still, at least there is a fair amount of character description for the purposes of player interaction and all that sort of jazz. It's not always enough though.

(( Oh well, you can't please everyone I suppose..))

Rik Shepherd, Cheshire.

The Lurker Beneath - It's got a nice balance between detail and deployability - I mean it's not fixed to some particular locality, so you wouldn't have to con players into moving to catch the adventure, but it's still detailed enough to be more than a puffed-up mini-plot. I suppose you could argue that Nodens wouldn't care if Nygotha did kill lots of people, but then equally if Nodens does oppose Cthulhu et al he'd be quite pleased to see one of them stuck in a cellar for eternity. This raises the question - is Nygotha really stuck there? Can he return, voluntarily to That Place From Whence He Was Summoned, or could someone else summon him elsewhere?

Iain Smedley, Herts.

'Lurker Beneath' was quite novel, though the nightgaunt seemed a little on the small size. Soothing...Hm...some kind of fatally out of tune music roll (rolling 99 or 00?) could cause some form of enrageement or something.

Jez Keen, Oxford.

'Nearly Human' - interesting, this. Brought to mind what I found the most terrifying part of 'Live and Let Die' (ok, it's not horrifying, just quite unnerving as 007 films go): the skulls which rotated and contained guns and cameras and things.

Andy Bennison, Lancs.

Nearly Human - Nice idea on scaring players. A personal favourite of mine, which goes along with Mark's idea is the good old wind up doll (especially if it has a drum). Better still a whole platoon of clockwork soldiers, used properly things like that really can scare the pants off an already nervous investigator.

Marc Gascoigne, London.

Mark Morrison's article was very interesting, the sort of article you should fill most of DAGON with, perhaps - it gives some details, but most of it serves principally to excite the reader's own imagination to find even better ways of doing things suggested in the article. Inspirational rather than informative, the way I like 'em.

Peter F. Jeffery, Leicester.

I enjoyed NEARLY HUMAN, but can think of quite a few omissions from the bibliography. Chief amongst these are A. Merrit's evil doll classic 'Burn Witch Burn!' and Algernon Blackwood's 'The Doll'. Although non-supernatural, another story that sticks in my mind, in this context, is 'Special Delivery' by John Collier, about a man who falls in love with a dress shop dummy & also 'Evening Primrose' by the same author where such dummies are not what they seem. Lurkers in second hand bookshops may find both John Collier stories in his excellent collection 'Of Demons and Darkness' (Corgi 1965). 'Burn Witch Burn!' was revised as an Orbit Book in 1974, while 'The Doll' has been reprinted more frequently.



((Thanks Peter, It is quite interesting to note how many of these type of tales have actually been made into films - or have appeared in anthology form for t.v. - the most obvious example is 'The Weird Taylor' which appeared in the film 'Asylum' starring Barry Morse as the taylor and Peter Cushing as the man who orders the mysterious suit. 'Burn Witch Burn!' has been filmed in 1962 - though I can't recall actually having seen that one. Another excellent film to feature an evil doll was Don Sharp's 'Trilogy of Terror' which featured Karen Black who is menaced by an African fetish which is brought to life. This film sequence is one of the scariest film's I have had the displeasure to sit through.))

Rik Shepherd, Cheshire.

Crime & Punishment - this was interesting too. I think it perhaps strayed too much into consideration of fictional crime; I think the reason "we do not feel righteous indignation at these upper-class thugs" (actually I do - I find Templar, Drummond & the Yates mob very offensive) is that the author is in complete agreement with the characters every action - The Saint could walk into Scotland Yard beat up anyone he wanted and Charteris would still let him get away with it....it is to be hoped that a Keeper wouldn't..

Mark Morrison, Carnegie, Aust.

"Crime & Punishment" was well done, interesting and entertaining.

Tim Ellis, Leicester.

Crime & Punishment - a nice article, but not actually saying much new (although doubtless there are groups that ignore the law). What would be useful is a list of normal and maximum sentences for the crimes investigators are likely to commit - Murder (easy one that - death penalty), Assault, Battery, Wounding, Causing GHI, Inflicting GHI, Theft, Burglary, and Criminal Damage - being the ones that immediately spring to mind, together with Possession of Unlicensed Guns - an article on the availability of Gun Licenses both in the US & UK would also be useful.

((Actually DAGON printed an article on Gun Laws and Licenses in issue 3 - now O.O.P.))

James Dickson, Wakefield.

I always like to get the players into difficult situations with the law. One of my favourite things is also to have the baddie a really influential man who can string the investigators up on a phoney charge if they get in his way, or take a photograph of them and print it with terrible accusations in the local newspaper he has control over.

((What a popular Keeper you must be... let us move on..))

Bob Curran, Londonderry.

It is particularly gratifying to know that my work has been read so intently and to all those that enjoyed the story (The Voice From The Well - ed), I feel flattered that they did so as this was my first attempt to write a Mythos story in about fifteen years. I agree the ending was slightly unsatisfactory but one of the things which I was acutely conscious was that I was writing a (more or less) short story and not a Mythos novelette and that Carl should not be put in a position of having to serialise one story for issue after issue. I know that Lovecraft wrote short pieces too but, in my view anyway, they have always lacked the atmosphere of his longer works. Therefore I wanted to write something which would truly reflect the building sense of approaching menace as reflected in such works as The Lurker at the Threshold and The Dunwich Horror two of my favourite HPL stories. I had actually begun a story entitled The House by the Churchyard, which went on and on and which still remains unfinished. Therefore I submitted The Voice From The Well which I had already partly written as an experiment, and which I thought had definite possibilities. This meant writing an ending in a hurry and also keeping it relatively concise, which I felt that I did. Maybe it appeared, as Marcus Rowland felt, as a bit of an anti-climax and if it did, I'm sorry. However, I tried to keep the sense of horror as near to the work of HPL (which was my only guideline) as I could and I suppose that it does seem less shocking in a world which is by now hardened to the horrors of the Mythos.

To turn now to Peter Jeffery, I take his point as well and I hope that he will make allowances for a person who has spent six years of his life living in America, trying, on his return to re-adapt to the language styles of England/N. Ireland. Nevertheless, the example which you gave was not a particularly apt one. Americans do not use the word "auto" except in specific instances e.g. "Auto parts", "Auto repairs", "Grand Theft Auto" - at all other times they refer to them as cars. You say that "car" refers to a railway carriage but, once again, it only does so in specific cases such as in rolling stock (empty goods carriages) or to carriages with a specific purpose e.g. "dining car" or "club car". Thus, to use the phrase "the trunk of the car" is how an American would write it. I also took the liberty of checking the phrase out with one of my colleagues who is from North America and she says that this phrase is right.

I was really flattered by Richard Mumford's letter and thank him very much for his kind comments. Some of my work has appeared earlier, Richard (about 1970) in some fanzines, although not all of it was Mythos stuff. I think a couple of my stories appeared in a magazine called "Whispers" - The Lamp of Abou Hazor & The Shadow Out of Cygnus - both of which were Mythos orientated. But that is the only HPL-type stuff that I've done until recently. However, by now you will have read The Horror at Witches Hollow and you might just read The Whippoorwills of Crane before the end of the year. ((To be published by DAGON late 86)).

Peter F. Jeffery, Leicester.

I am gratified to learn that such a well known writer as J. Ramsey Campbell (who first came to my notice many years ago as the author of The Church on High Street) has not only read but enjoyed The Horror in the Bibliography. The assertion that one of the Lovecraft/Derleth tales was based on notes Lovecraft made on a Stephen Leacock story for Supernatural Horror in Literature is not mine, or only indirectly mine. I was quoting the views of Marc A Michaud as an especially forceful statement of the idea that Derleth was almost single-handedly responsible for the Lovecraft/Derleth stories. I also quoted April Derleth to represent a contrasting point of view. I'm afraid that I don't know to which story Mr. Michaud was referring. Stephen Leacock is one of my favourite humourists but was so prolific, and much of his work is so difficult to find that I have only read a small proportion of his output. The only story that I can recall with a supernatural horror theme is Buggan Grange. It is some years since I read the Lovecraft/Derleth tales and I am unable to recall whether any of them resemble this piece of Leacock. I have thought of re-reading these stories to check it out, but haven't actually done so. There is no reference to Mr. Leacock in Supernatural Horror in Literature, so that, if Lovecraft did make notes on Leacock, he never actually used them. While all of this is very inconclusive, it seems to illustrate the point I was trying to make in my article - that there is a lot of confusion about how much Lovecraft is in these posthumous collaborations. I hope that nothing in this has been interpreted as an attack on August Derleth's reputation. I am sure that, even if Mr. Michaud is correct, Mr. Derleth used the notes in the belief that they were for a story that Lovecraft intended to write and, really, when he knew the Leacock story, there would have been no reason for him to believe otherwise.

((I take your point Peter, I wonder if Marc Michaud can actually say to which Lovecraft/Derleth collaboration he was referring. Any chance of a reply, Marc?))

Guy Cowlishaw, W. Sussex.

Although there definately aren't "heaps of Lovecraft journals" there are a fair number. As well as CRYPT of CTHULHU there is, of course, LOVECRAFT STUDIES, KADATH folding is news to me (last I heard (about a month ago) ((November)) noone had any idea, is nothing was official. There are a few Lovecraftian publications distributed amongst the many members of THE ESOTERIC ORDER OF DAGON (an amateur press association) but they're pretty awful. There was another very high quality American Lovecraft magazine called NYCTALOPS. They've been going for years but I'm not sure if they still are. There are a lot of magazines that print Lovecraftian/cthulhu fiction, especially WEIRDOBOOK & WHISPERS (the latter also prints reminiscences of HPL, photos, facemiles etc.). That's in addition to those that print mythos fiction just now & then, eg FANTASY BOOK, FANTASY TALES (British) & countless U.S. (& U.K.) fanzines. The main contender to your publication & CRYPT comes from an American publisher called THE STRANGE COMPANY. They print two magazines regularly; THE ARKHAM SAMPLER & ETCHINGS AND ODYSSEYS. The former is small (half the size of DAGON) but prints copies of Lovecraft

letters, photos (of MPL, they've printed well over 40 so far), art, poetry, fiction, criticism etc. etc. The latter is a far larger magazine published twice a year. It is now organised so that every other issue is a Cthulhu Mythos fiction issue while those other issues specialize one one author per issue (so far they've included Henry Kuttner & August Derleth). The latest (No. 7) is a spectacular, glossy 94 page glossy type, all mythos fiction special, with a Fabian cover, some interior artwork (Allan Koszowski) & even a Brian Lumley story, (Though this isn't mythos).

(Etchings & Odysseys, The Strange Company, P.O. Box 864, Madison, WI 53801.

Lovecraft Studies, Necronomicon Press, 101 Lockwood Street, West Warwick, RI 02893.  
(4 dollars per copy plus 1 dollar 50 cents postage - current issue 11).

Chronicles of the CTHULHU CODEX, Fungoid Press, P.O. Box 8044, Lowell, MA. 01853.  
(Fiction and art zine issue 1, costs 6 dollars incl. postage.)

WEIRDBOOK, Weirdbook Press, P.O. Box 149, Amherst Branch, Buffalo, NY 14226.

CRYPT OF CTHULHU, CRYPTIC PUBLICATIONS, 107 East James Street, Mount Olive, North Carolina 28365. (current issue is 36, 5 dollars includes postage).

Above are a few of the addresses that are known to have contaminated the world with various blasphemous texts. All are recommended by the editor, so why not try a couple eh? - Oh yes, in case you hadn't noticed all the zines above originate from U.S.A. ))

Dave Perry, Liverpool.

I like the expanded lettercol - it's often the best part of the zine. I particularly like the way each letter is cut up so that views on certain topics are all together rather than having long letters containing different points. Do try and avoid each letter being just a review of the last issue though. Let's have some debates, like the Mythos Hierarchy, that lasted three or four issues. Here's one to get started - let's ban the word 'cultist' because, in my view, it stereotypes too many people under one heading. Besides, it sounds like something from the abysmal Runequest.

Don't leave 'Cthulhoid Tales of Terror' out again. I find it an invaluable reference source. Keep it going as long as the quality lasts out and tell us which tales to avoid. How about a follow up column "Dire Tales of Cthulhu"?

Bob Curran, Londonderry.

I must say that I experienced a sense of déjà vu when looking at some of the names contained in some of the Cthulhoid merchandise - Eddy C. Bertin, Karl Ed. Wagner & Edward P. Berglund. These used to be the great names of fandom in the early 1970's and it's good to know that they're still around. Do you know if Edward Berglund is still with the U.S. Army as the last time I was in contact with him he was a Staff Sergeant? David A. Sutton, of course, is another well-known figure from that period - he used to edit a magazine called "Shadows" and "Weird Window", to which I have referred before.

#### CTHULHOID NOTICES

C.A. Smith's Out of Space & Time vols 1 & 2) ((includes 'The Return of the Sorcerer' 'Ubbu-Sathla' - mythos)). Tales of Science & Sorcery, Other Dimensions (vol 1.), Fritz Leiber's Our Lady of Darkness (border mythos) - Any one in exchange for mythos stories & F&L's 'Horror From the Hills. OFFERS A. Bennison, 62 Club Street, Bamber Bridge, Preston, Lancs.

Wanted: 'Clock of Dreams' by Brian Lumley - will pay £10. Carl Ford at DAGON address.

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Pete Tamlyn has taken over the task of compiling the 'Green and Pleasant Land' project originally mentioned way back in DAGON 4. This Games Workshop product is to include background material, scenarios and fiction suitable for investigations in 1920's Britain. Contributions are required as well as ideas. A full prospectus outlining all the areas of the production, including details on what is required can be obtained from:- Pete Tamlyn, 2 Poplar Rd., The Coppiece, Aylesbury, Bucks HP20 1XN

# R'lyeh Reviews

## TRAIL OF THE LOATHSOME SLIME

reviewed by Andy Bennison.

Price £2.95 Published by Games Workshop Written by Marcus L Rowland.

No, before you ask, it isn't "Stan and Ollie investigate a British Rail fish soup". Trail of the Loathsome Slime, (TOTLS from now on) is the first in a series of inexpensive roleplaying modules from Games Workshop.

But what lurks beneath the eye-catching Brian Williams cover? Not much actually. There is a full page picture of HPL (just in case you've forgotten what he looked like), a full page map showing you how to sail to the Falkland Islands (just in case you've forgotten where they are. I always thought that was what the large map in the gamebox was for), and two pages of duplicated player hand-outs (just in case you forgot to photocopy them the first time they were printed. Oh yes! (I nearly forgot) There's a scenario too! For your three quid, all you get are sixteen pages. This is expensive even by Chaosium standards.

The scenario is based upon an outline by Marcus that was printed as part of his "Cthulhu Now" series in WD 42 & 43. It is set in the present day, but this should not put off gamers used only to playing CoC in the 1920's and 30's. Just playing the adventure as a one off however, may put players at a disadvantage as they have to get used to a different style of play with better communications, advanced technology and a myriad of new and interesting ways of blasting the forces of evil into little pieces. One example of this came straight from the playtest which went something along the lines of "...Okay, so I'll send a telegram to my friend in New York...Hey hang on a minute. Why don't I just phone him?" TOTLS is really best played as part of a modern campaign. Indeed, some items that are found at the close of the adventure will be very useful in future encounters with the minions of Cthulhu. One advantage of TOTLS is that it can be used as an introduction to CoC for players who are unfamiliar with HPL and his mythos. In such cases I have found it best not to mention the games system being used, just say "This is the situation you are in...What are you going to do?" It is easier to adjust to a game with a familiar background rather than wait for the referee to fill you in on the social, economic and political history. Obviously, with TOTLS you don't have to do this. Even I can remember 1984.

Having said that, it is possible to play TOTLS in the Lovecraft era, but there are problems. Some sections would have to be changed, and some sources of information (for example, a computer) would not be available. Similarly some useful equipment (Video cameras, helicopters, and diesel powered ships) would of course not be invented. By the time you've finished, there will be little of the original scenario left. The adventure begins in a familiar way when one investigator receives a 'phone call from an acquaintance who has something to tell but "can't talk over the phone". When the party arrives guess what? Yep, the acquaintance is dead. The first part of the story concerns the investigation into the murder and a planned trip by a group of conservationists. The players are encouraged to join the ornithologists. Part two of the scenario concerns the journey south and the ship's arrival at their destination. Apart from the opening, the rest of the adventure is well thought out and detailed; especially the ship's crew and the science team. It is not often that a referee has such a large cast of interesting NPC's. It is a pity that most of them are likely to end up dead. Make no mistake about it, this scenario is lethal. When it is over, any survivors will have a lot of trouble explaining so many fatalities to the authorities. There is no happy ending here.

I have mixed feelings about this play aid. Although the adventure is exciting and interesting, I still have a slight "ripped-off" feeling. What is there is good. I cannot blame the content, but somehow I still expected a little more for my money. For the price, the booklet is rather thin; but despite the cost, TOTLS is still the cheapest professional CoC scenario booklet on the market.

## NIGHTMARE IN NORWAY

reviewed by Carl T Ford

Price £2.95 Published by Games Workshop Written by Marcus L Rowland

This, the second of Games Workshop's Cthulhu scenario's, is a little bit of a disappointment. Certainly the production standards are high - the cover is quite brilliant and the interior layout and design along with the handouts are all up to the standards

of Chaosium products. However this is not what you should be paying for, appearances can be deceiving and in this case the saying comes true.

The 17 page adventure concerns the investigators research into finding out exactly who is blackmailing their client, Sir Eustace Cleary, who is about to stand for parliament. Over a year ago Cleary's brother's mutilated corpse was found on the ski-slopes just off of Vikenberg, Norway, thought to have been the subject of a wolf pack attack. Sir Eustace has since discovered that his brother was accompanied, on the trip, by a mistress. Unfortunately someone else has discovered this fact too, and is using the knowledge and demanding large sums of money to remain silent. Obviously, Sir Eustace cannot afford a scandal in this stage of his career and so is prepared to pay the investigators to find out the truth and discover the identity of the blackmailer.

Actually more sinister elements, as expected, are involved. However I am not quite sure that Marcus's mixing of Cthulhoid lore with, in the case, Norwegian myth is keeping true to the foundations of the mythos. Clearly a more concrete base of thought, behind the mystery, is needed to cement the new "mythos" creatures into the pantheon than the ones that Marcus provides us with. Perhaps I am being a little conservative, or protective of the mythos, but incorporating creatures such as these alongside the minions of Cthulhu et al, does nothing but bring the game down to the level of D & D and other fantasy based games systems. Would it not have been better, for Marcus to invent a new mythos race, of his own, laying down new principals, ideas and concrete reasons for their placing in the mythos? - Perhaps, there wasn't enough room, I can't say for sure. Nevertheless, let us try and keep the mythos to "mythos" monsters, the endless lists of Great Old Ones, Other Gods, minions and trillions are plentiful enough as it is - if Workshop's adding of creatures carries on in the present fashion, we will be facing "the Dreaded Kobolds of K'n-yan" before long.

On the good side, the scenario does allow for plenty of Keeper/Player interaction and ideas - however not enough, in my view, is made of the final inevitable outcome. To me it seems that the scenario was shortened, possibly the fault lies with the page count deadline, causing the package to be condensed. If so, why didn't they cut out a few of the pointless player handouts instead? Did we really require all those cut-out silhouettes, or were they intended for the younger gamers? On opening the package one is faced with a photo of old H.P.L. himself looking rather grim, perhaps he had already looked inside!

#### ALONE AGAINST THE WENDIGO reviewed by Andrew Whittaker

Price £7.95 Published by Chaosium Inc. Written by Glenn Rahman.

Alone Against the Wendigo, as you'll probably have noticed, is the first solo adventure for Call of Cthulhu. From a quick flick through, it is clearly up to Chaosium standards appearance-wise, and text-wise, it sure beats the shit out of Warlock of Firetop Mountain.

The plot goes like this: you (professor L. C. Nandlemann, the youngest PhD ever to come out of Miskatonic University) are on an expedition into Hanninah Valley of Canada's far north, to check out the various rumours about the region. The professor (male or female, as per player's choice) is accompanied by three undergraduate students and an Indian guide. Needless to say, the player is then plunged into bizarre and dangerous situations at every turn. Modified investigator sheet (one male, one female) are included, and the player decides how the 390 skill points are to be allocated amongst the short list of skills used in the adventure.

Success is measured by how many Hanninah Mythos points the player manages to get, ie how much of the plot they can unravel. Each entry has a HM points value; the more significant the information therein, the higher the HM value.

The story itself is very complex, with numerous mini-adventures and events within the Wendigo framework. This means that it isn't the sort of thing you only play once. The idea is to get in, discover something, and get out - you need many replays to even begin to understand the complexities of the adventure. The story itself is very good, and rolls along nicely.

As for bugs - in the main, they have been ironed out, though a few still exist. For instance, when one of my companions had been murdered, I progressed through the adventure for a while only to find his back again without a word of explanation. Another time I entered a weird valley and had to make a luck roll. I succeeded, and the next thing I knew I was rolling 1d4 for the intentions of the Sasquatches in a totally

different part of the adventure.

Violence, in this scenario, doesn't have that much effect (thank God). Combat is kept at a minimum and nearly all fights are avoidable. The good professor is capable of handling himself in combat, but his students are more vulnerable. If they die, the professor faces charges of negligence and possible ruination.

To summarise, this solitaire adventure is the best of its kind, but still not nearly as good as a regular scenario. Go out and buy it, you have nothing to lose but your mind.

COLD PRINT reviewed by Carl T. Ford

Published by Scream/Press, 1985. Price 17.50 (dollars).

The Cthulhu Mythos has managed to attract a large number of contributors in its lifetime, some of these writers usually incorporate such elements during their early days of writing, utilising the Mythos to their own ends, until they can break ground in other directions. Others, find themselves enthralled at an early age with the great attractiveness and complexities of the Mythos and despite their eventual, breaking away into more commercial areas of, in the main, horror fiction, remain captivated by the Mythos charm throughout their writing careers. Occasionally writing the odd tale or two or contributing to the mythos fandom, purely for their pleasure, when they could really be getting their teeth (or fangs) into something more commercially viable.

One such author is Ramsey Campbell, a true "Gentleman" one might say, and a man who certainly earns the respect of his admiring minions. It is no wonder, then, that Scream/Press - the cultists publishing company - decided to pay tribute to Ramsey with a hardcover edition of the best of his Mythos tales. We have waited a long, long time, for this collection. I know of some mythos fans who haven't read any of Ramsey's earlier Mythos efforts - never encountering that one-in-a-million chance of discovering a second hand copy of "Inhabitant of the Lake" in some seedy backstreet bookshop. Some people may well say "you haven't missed much" - I am one who certainly begs to differ!

For, despite the earlier tales obviously Lovecraftian pastiche styles of writing (produced incidentally whilst Ramsey was still unable to purchase a can of beer - legally), they still manage to convey a strange kind of charm - you can almost sense the words - fevered admirer - in Ramsey's writing. Witness the charm of The Church in High Street, The Room in the Castle and the youthful frenzy of The Horror from the Bridge. Then compare these earlier tales with those mythos efforts which started to show a distinct breaking-away of the pastiche style and showing Ramsey's own style develop in such greats as Cold Print (which to this day remains a personal favourite of mine), The Tugging, which recalls to mind the final chapters of Lovecraft's Dreams in the Witch-House and the excellent Faces at Pine Dunes, a masterful piece of Mythos writing which doesn't rely on Mythos lore to have you looking over your shoulder. COLD PRINT rounds off with a printing of The Voice of the Beach which Ramsey considers to be one of the very best of his tales - and a consideration with which I am inclined to agree. COLD PRINT could be subtitled "The Growth of Maturity in Ramsey Campbell's Writing Style" but this tone retains a wealth far greater than that.

Aside from the tales the book also contains an excellent and thoroughly entertaining preface by Ramsey himself, in which he explains his admirations for Lovecraft and the Mythos. There are also eleven horrifying illustrations by J. K. Potter a conveyor of unsettling images if ever there lived one. The book is packaged nicely too, being up to the usual high standards of production afforded by other Scream/Press publications.

My only reservation is the fact that COLD PRINT is not generally available in this country, being a product for USA markets only. Neither would I recommend an order for this tome to the manufacturers since my order was placed in June 1985 and I still am yet to receive this same copy. Luckily Ramsey stepped in to save me at the last minute from almost certain insanity and gave me, a copy of his own. As I said before Ramsey is a true "Gentleman" but don't take my word for it, go seek out his fiction, mythos or otherwise this is one writer who has deserved the attention of his fans. Long may he continue to garner it!

For DAGON readers who haven't managed to track down a copy of COLD PRINT, don't despair for issue 14 will feature a reprinting of Ramsey Campbell's 'The Plain of Sound', not included in the collection above, but which retains all the youthful literary charm of the early Campbell mythos classics. Be there.

its existence. The tale concerns the plights of HPL and the Kalem Club when they aid the legendary detective Sherlock Holmes in a case riddled with mystery. Also on hand is Houdini and an array of fabulous literary figures from the Weird Tales era. I mention this book, for a number of reasons, the portrayal of the characters is seen, as if told through the eyes of Frank Belknap Long. Cannon does a fine job, as all the personalities come off well. The book also features an afterword by Robert Bloch and an introduction by Long himself, who approves of the whole project quite gracefully. The other reason, is if you search in a few sci-fi specialist book-shops you might still find a copy. This is definitely worth reading.

29) 'The Mine on Yuggoth' by Ramsey Campbell for 'The Inhabitant of the Lake', A.H. 1964. Not actually Ramsey's best mythos tale, but certainly a good one. Edward Taylor an occultist comes into possession of a copy of Revelations of Glaaki, together with excerpts from the Necronomicon, Taylor discovers a race of "lizard-crustaceans" that arrive on earth from the planet, Yuggoth as well as their methods of travel from planet to planet. Taylor sees this opportunity to make a fortune from obtaining a rare and valuable metal mined on the planet. However, the interplanetary travel involves a number of rather terrible experiences. One which Taylor will never forget.

30) 'Guardians of the Gate' by Brian Mooney for 'Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos' vol. 2 published by Spectre Press. The disappearance of P.C. McAllister following a period of sick-leave raises several questions, when one is faced with the transcript of his recorded statement, alluding to demons, black magic and unholy worship.

Well that's your lot for this issue. To be honest, it took me a little while to compile this listing - trying to re-read several tales in order to get up on details. Forgetting the sources from which I originally read the tales and having to re-check my files for vital data. Hence this issue's 'Cthulhoid Tales of Terror' is not as informative as I would have hoped. Which brings me to a plea to all you readers - does anyone want to take up the editing of this column? I know that it's popular, so I don't really wish to drop it, but to be honest I can't find the time to do it on my own. So, as from next issue this column will turn quarterly...unless of course some dark cthulhoid takes up my offer.

#### CONTRIBUTING CORPSES

Robert M. Price, J. G. Caderra, Robert J. Curran, Sandy Petersen, Peter F. Jeffery, Mark Morrison, Andy Bennison, Andrew Whittaker and Carl Ford.  
- writing warlocks.

Dave Carson, J. G. Caderra, Garry Marshall, L. J. Cornford and Robert Krause.  
- deranged drawers

Thanks this issue go to:-

Kath Barker, Marc Gascoigne, Sandy Petersen, Ramsey Campbell, Brian Lumley, my mother all the Black Mailers, Red Brain Trustees and any cthulhoids reading this issue.

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Address for Subscriptions, Black Mail, and comments is:-

Carl Ford, 11 Warwick Road, Twickenham, Middlesex TW2 6SW



HERBERT WEST HAS A  
VERY GOOD HEAD ON  
HIS SHOULDERS-

AND ANOTHER  
ONE IN A DISH  
ON HIS  
DESK



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# RE-ANIMATOR

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WRITTEN BY MICHAEL GELBERG  
DIRECTED BY MICHAEL GELBERG

DEATH  
IS JUST  
THE BEGINNING...

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SCREENPLAY BY MICHAEL GELBERG  
CASTING BY MICHAEL GELBERG  
PRODUCTION DESIGNER MICHAEL GELBERG  
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